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THE

CHRISTIAN HYMNAL,

HYMNS WITH TUNES

FOR THE

SERVICES OF THE CHURCH.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY
REV. FRANK SEWALL.

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PREFACE.

Carmenque Christo, quasi Deo, dicere secum invicem.
Plinii, Lib. x, Epist. 97.

IT is not without reason that the compiler has presumed to name the present little volume THE CHRISTIAN HYMNAL. The hymns herein contained are addressed solely to the LORD JESUS CHRIST in His Divine Humanity as the only God of heaven and earth, "in whom," as the Apostle has said, "dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." The sublime doctrine of the Oneness of God and of His absolute Identity with our blessed Lord and Saviour, a doctrine which Prophets, Evangelists and Apostles unite in declaring in the Holy Scriptures, is that which the compiler has endeavored, before all else, to have set forth in this volume of hymns. With a view to preparing for the use of all sincere worshippers of the LORD JESUS CHRIST a Hymnal which shall, therefore, embody the doctrine that He is the INCARNATE JEHOVAH, and that in Him resides the fullness of the blessed Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, constituting His trinal nature of Love, Wisdom and Divine Proceeding, the compiler has not scrupled to modify or omit expressions of an import contrary to this doctrine, whenever they have been met with in the hymns selected. Whether in undergoing such

alterations, the hymns in question have lost any of their original worth, beauty and force, it is left to intelligent christian minds to decide.

The arrangement of the hymns is in two parts, the first comprising those on the *Incarnation* and *Redemption*, arranged in the order of the Gospel narrative, or the Christian Year; the second containing *General and Occasional* Hymns, arranged according to their topics. In this arrangement of the hymns, as well as in their number and variety, it is believed the collection will conveniently meet the various needs of christian worship, both in the congregation and in the home-circle.

The materials of this volume have been collected from the wide range of English, German and Latin sacred poetry and harmony, both old and new. To a number of hymns of genuine excellence, endeared and familiar to us from long usage, and wedded to their quaint but pleasant old melodies, the compiler has added many beautiful modern English hymns and tunes, together with a good number of celebrated German hymns, in most cases translated in their original metres and set to their proper chorals. Versions of a number of the old Latin hymns, the favorites of many ages, have also been introduced, and these, with the German translations and chorals are, it is believed, now for the first time made accessible to singers of sacred music in this country. A number of the translations and tunes are original and have never before been published.

Chief among the sources to which the compiler is indebted, deserve to be mentioned Mr. Monk's *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, published by Novello, in London; *The Church Psalter and Hymn Book*, by Rev. William Mercer, M. A., of Sheffield, and John

Goss, Esq., Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London; Dr. Neale's translations of *Mediæval Hymns;* Miss Catherine Winkworth's *Lyra Germanica*, and Roundell Palmer's *Book of Praise.* The compiler would also gratefully acknowledge his indebtedness to Dr. Lowell Mason for the use, with permission, of a number of tunes from that author's admirable collections, to Mr. O. Ditson, of Boston, for the copy-right of the tune to Hymn 166, and to Mr. Herrman Strachauer, for a number of beautiful original tunes, and for his careful revision of the musical part of the work.

May the use of this Christian Hymnal by the devout worshippers of the LORD, tend to hasten the time when "the LORD shall be King over all the earth, and there shall be one LORD and His name one.' (*Zech.* xiv: 9.)

F. S.

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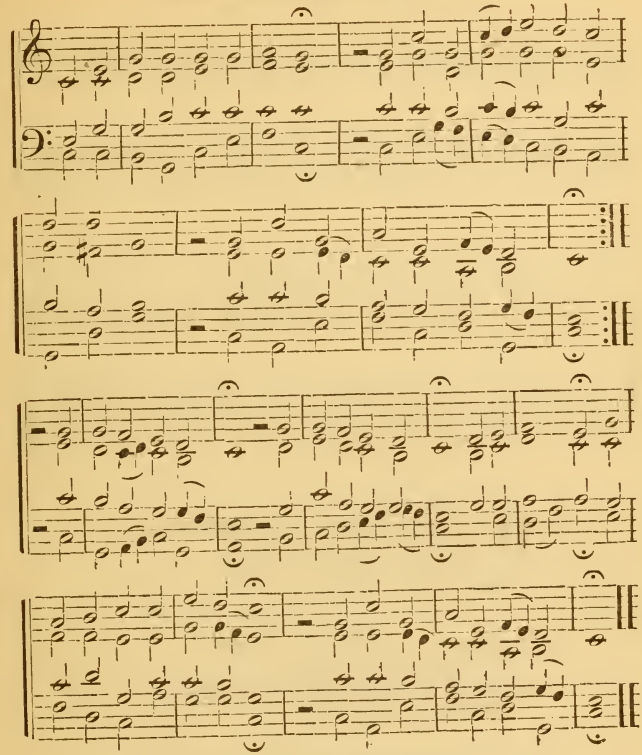
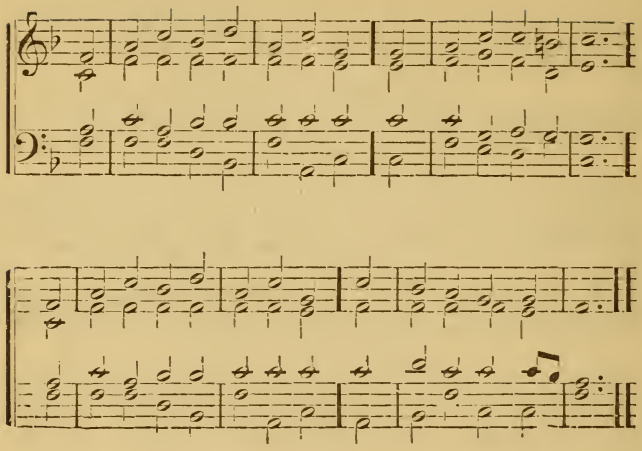

1 SLEEPERS, wake, a voice is calling,
It is the watchman's voice upon thy walls,
O City of Jerusalem!
Lo! he cries the hour of midnight,
The voice is gone out into all the world,—
Where are ye Servants of the Lord!
For lo! the Bridegroom comes;
Arise and take your lamps! Alleluia!
Awake, his kingdom is at hand;
Go forth, go forth to meet your Lord!



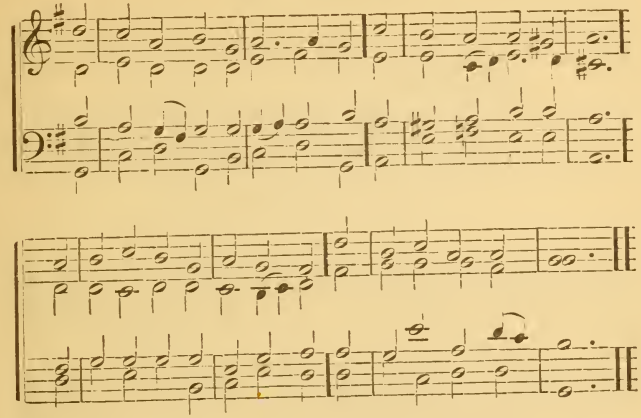
2 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure,
And with the treasure of his grace
To bless the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thine Advent shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved Name. IV.

Incarnation.



3 DOWN from the worlds of radiant light
Behold the Saviour come,
To ransom souls from endless night
And bring the wand'rers home.

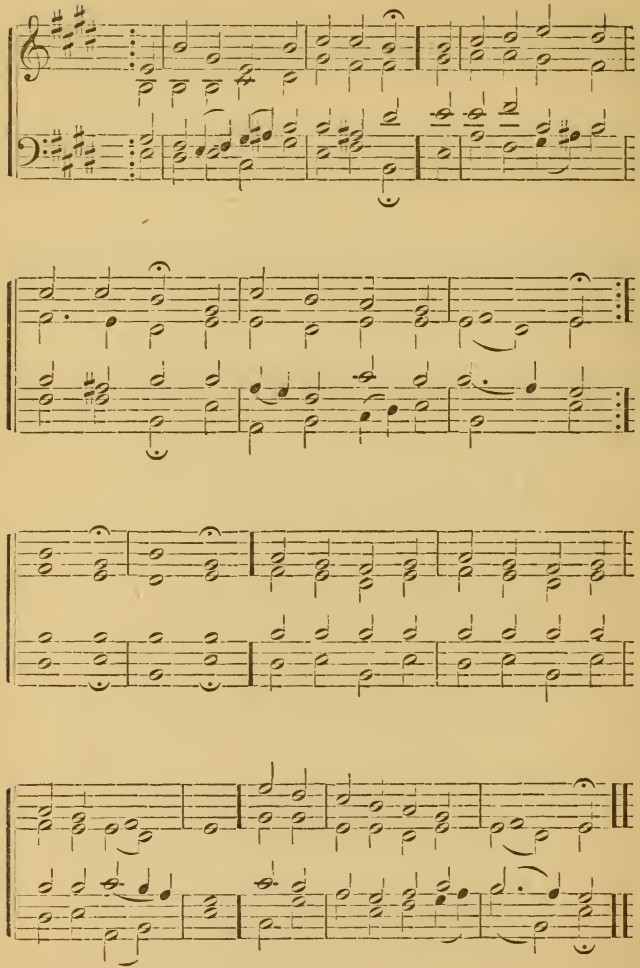
2 He calls us to his dear embrace
From misery and despair,
Bids us receive his wondrous grace
And seek salvation there.

3 We come, Emmanuel, at thy call,
Believe thy glad'ning Word,
Renounce our sins, ourselves, our all,
And glory in our Lord.

4 Salvation to Messiah's name
With grateful hearts we sing,
And join our voices to proclaim
Our Saviour and our King.

5 Immortal praise to God belongs
For such unfathomed love;
Join, all below, in rapturous songs,
And shout, ye hosts above.

Advent-Hymns.

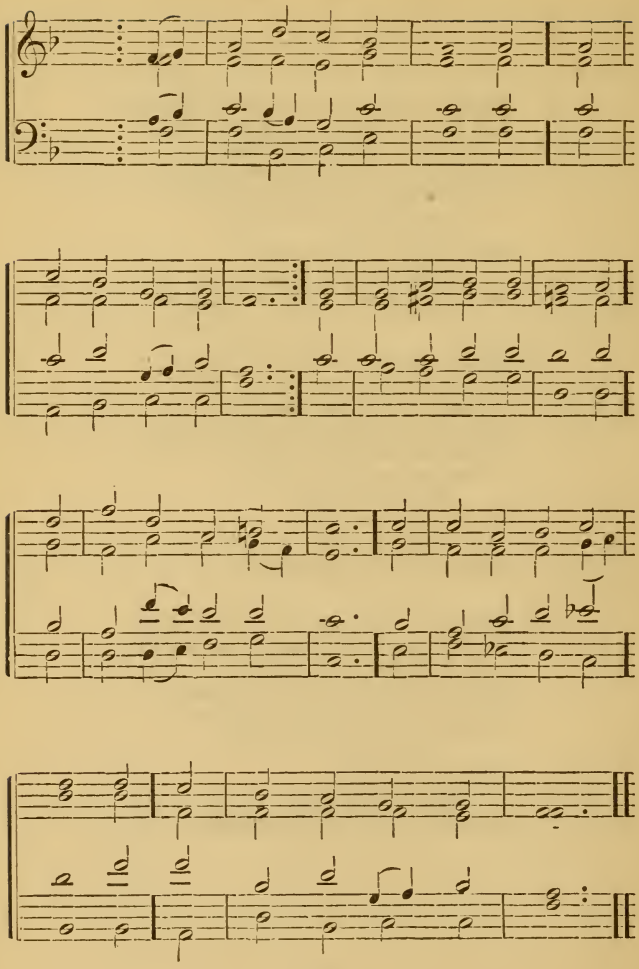


4 HOW bright appears the morning-star
With mercy beaming from afar.
The host of heaven rejoices!
O righteous Branch! O Jesse's Rod!
Thou Son of man, and Son of God!
We, too, will lift our voices.
Jesu! Jesu!
Holy, holy! yet most lowly!
Draw thou near us:
Great Emmanuel! stoop and hear us.

2 Though circled by the hosts on high,
He deigned to cast a pitying eye
Upon his helpless creature:
The whole creation's Head and Lord,
By highest seraphim adored,
Assumed our very nature:
Jesu! grant us,
By thy Spirit to inherit
Thy salvation:
Hear, O hear our supplication.

3 Rejoice, ye heavens! thou earth, reply!
With praise, ye mortals, fill the sky!
For this his incarnation!
Incarnate God, put forth thy power,
Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
Till all know thy salvation!
Amen, amen!
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Praise be given
Evermore, by earth and heaven.

Advent-Hymns.



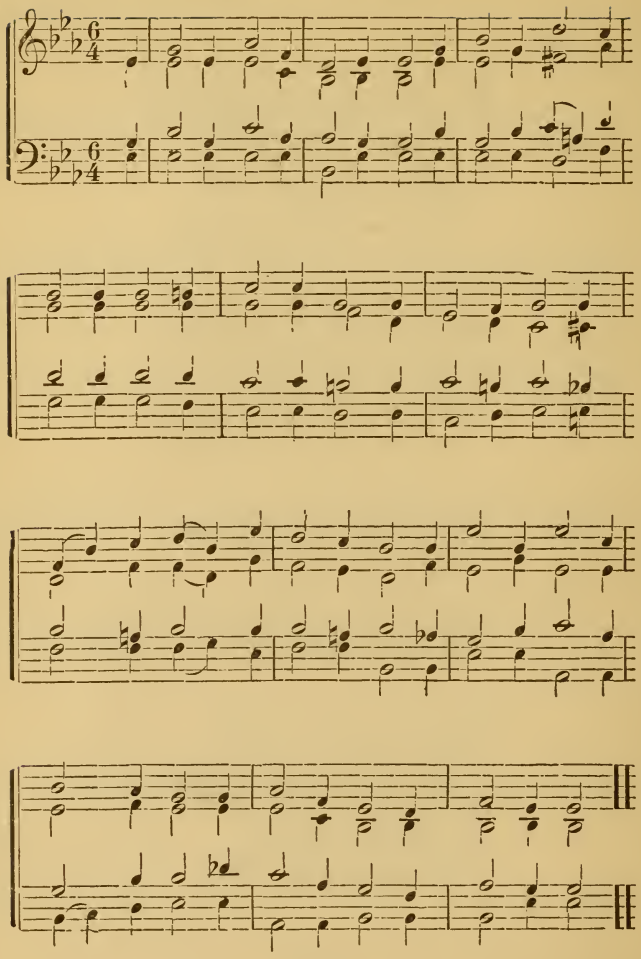
Incarnation.

5 O HOW shall I receive thee,
How greet thee, Lord, aright!
All nations long to see thee,
My hope, my heart's delight!
O, kindle, Lord most holy,
Thy lamp within my breast,
To do, in spirit lowly,
All that may please thee best.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My heart, its powers renewing,
An anthem shall prepare:
My soul puts off her sadness
Thy glories to proclaim;
With all her strength and gladness
She fain would serve thy name.

3 Love caused thy incarnation,
Love brought thee down to me;
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procured my liberty:
O, love beyond all telling!
That led thee to embrace—
O, love all love excelling!—
Our lost and fallen race!

4 O, this blest truth remember,
All ye who sit in gloom;
Within your hearts' best chamber
For this dear guest make room.
He only who can cheer you,
Is standing at the door;
He brings his pity near you,
And bids you weep no more.



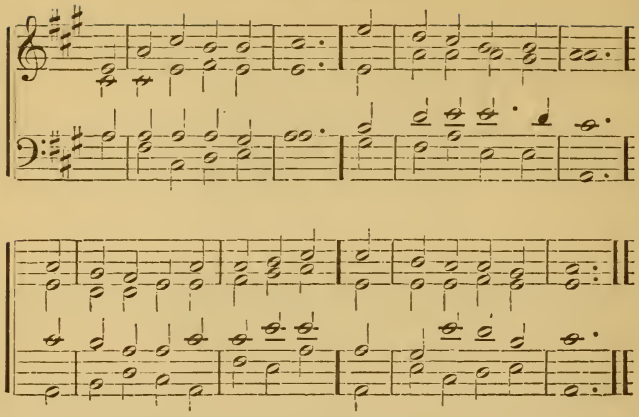
6 O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

2 O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 O come, thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4 O come, thou Key of David, come
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

5 O come, O come, thou Lord of Might,
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!



7 THE Advent of our King
Our praise must now employ;
Come let us hymns of welcome sing
In strains of holy joy.

2 The Everlasting Lord
Incarnate deigns to be;
The Mighty girdeth on his sword
To set his servants free.

3 Daughter of Zion, rise
To meet thy lowly King;
Nor let thy faithless heart despise
The peace he comes to bring.

4 Before the dawning day
Let sin's dark deeds be gone;
The old man all be put away,
The new man all put on. V

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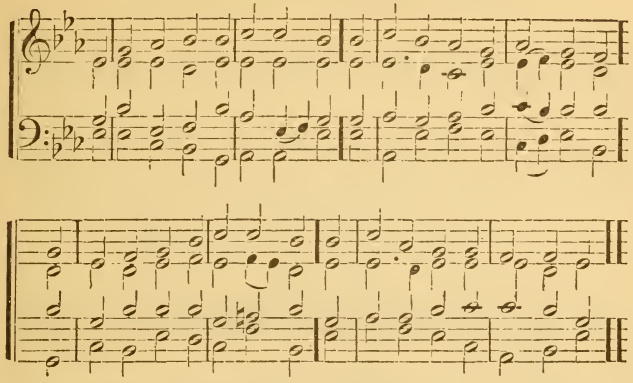
8 WHEN shades of night around us close,
And weary limbs in sleep repose,
The faithful soul awake may be,
And longing sigh, O Lord, to thee.

Incarnation.

2 Thou true Desire of nations, hear;
Thou Word of God, thou Saviour dear;
In pity heed our humble cries,
And bid at length the fallen rise.

3 O come, Redeemer, come and free
Thine own from guilt and misery;
The gates of heaven again unfold,
Closed by our evil deeds of old. III.

---

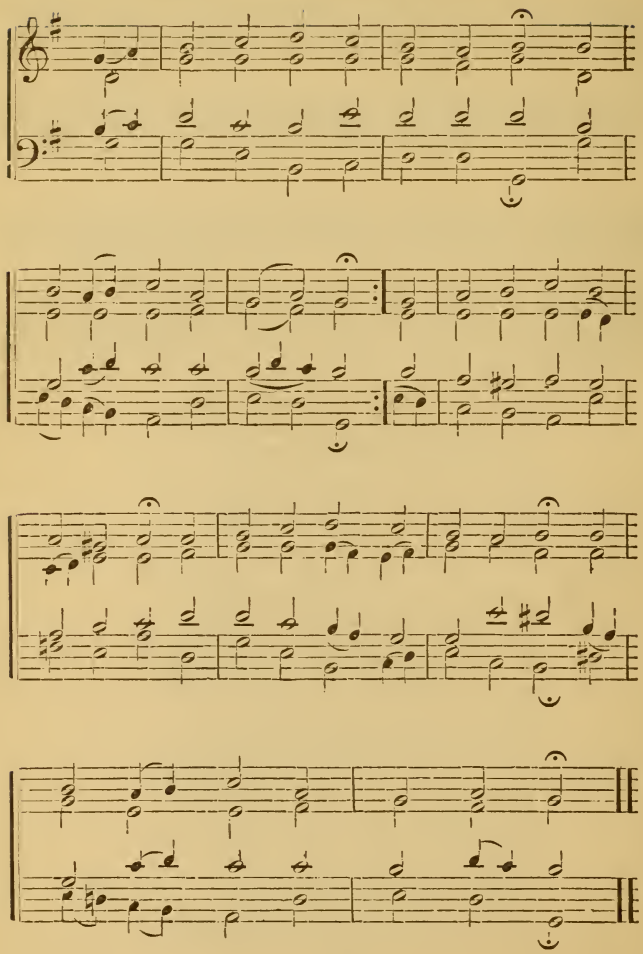
9 CREATOR of the starry height,
Thy people's everlasting Light,
Jesu, Redeemer of us all,
Hear thou thy servants when they call.

2 Thou, sorrowing at the helpless cry
Of all creation doomed to die,
Didst save our lost and guilty race
By healing gifts of heavenly grace.

3 When earth was near its evening hour,
Thou didst, in love's redeeming power,
Like bridegroom from his chamber, come
Forth from a Virgin-mother's womb.

4 At thy great Name, exalted now,
All knees in lowly homage bow;
All things in heaven and earth adore,
And own thee King for evermore. III.

Christmas. Choral Introit.

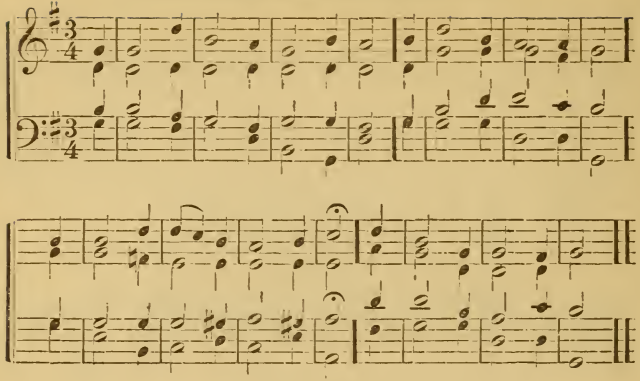


10 ALONE to God on high be praise
And thankful adoration,
That we may now, and all our days,
Rejoice in his salvation.
Let high in heaven his praises sound,
Peace and good-will on earth abound,
All feud and strife be ended.

2 Ye Christian people, all rejoice,
Each soul with joy upspringing;
Pour forth one song with heart and voice,
With love and gladness singing.
Give thanks to God, the Lord above,
Thanks for his miracle of love;
In love hath he redeemed us.

3 Lord Jesus Christ, alone to thee
Be praise and glory given;
Who reignest, God, eternally,
In all the earth and heaven,
The Prince of Peace, the incarnate Word,
The wonderful, the mighty Lord,
The Father everlasting.

Christmas-Carol.



11 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

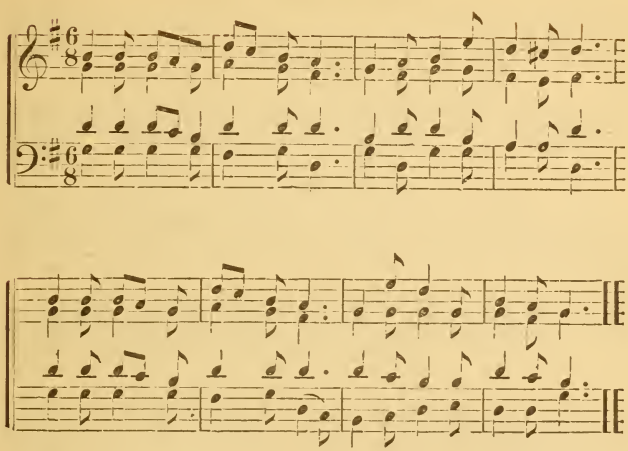
3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their sacred heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace to the earth, Good will to men
From heaven's Eternal King."

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born;
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn. IV.

Christmas-Carol.

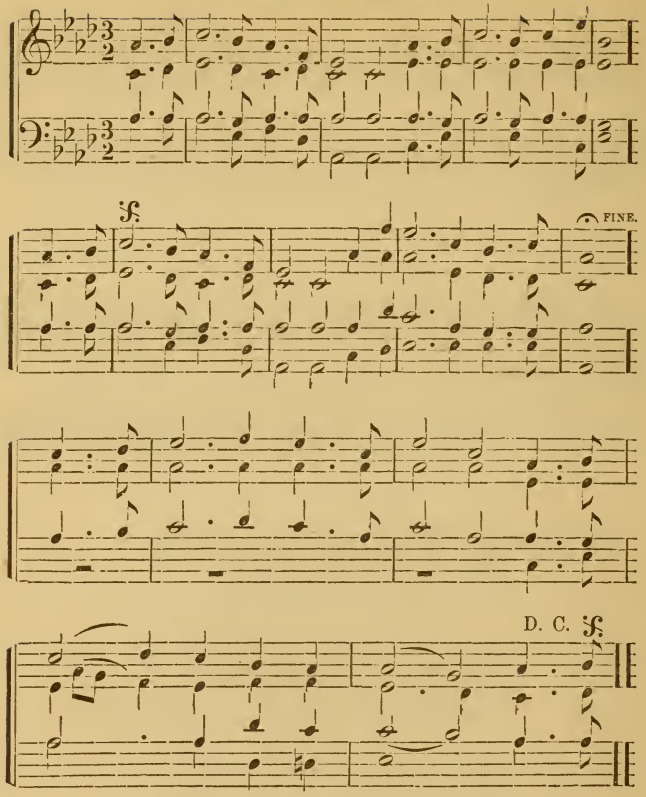


12 HARK! the skies with music sound,
Heav'nly glory beams around;
Christ is born! the angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Peace is come, good will appears,
Sinners wipe away your tears;
Christ for you in flesh to-day
Humbly in the manger lay.

3 Shepherds tending flocks by night,
Heard the song and saw the light;
Took their reeds, and softest strains
Echo'd through the happy plains.

4 Mortals, hail the glorious King!
Richest incense cheerful bring;
Praise and love Emmanuel's name,
And his boundless grace proclaim. VI.



13 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly alleluias rise.
Listen to the wond'rous story,
Which they chant in hymns and joy:—
Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God on high!

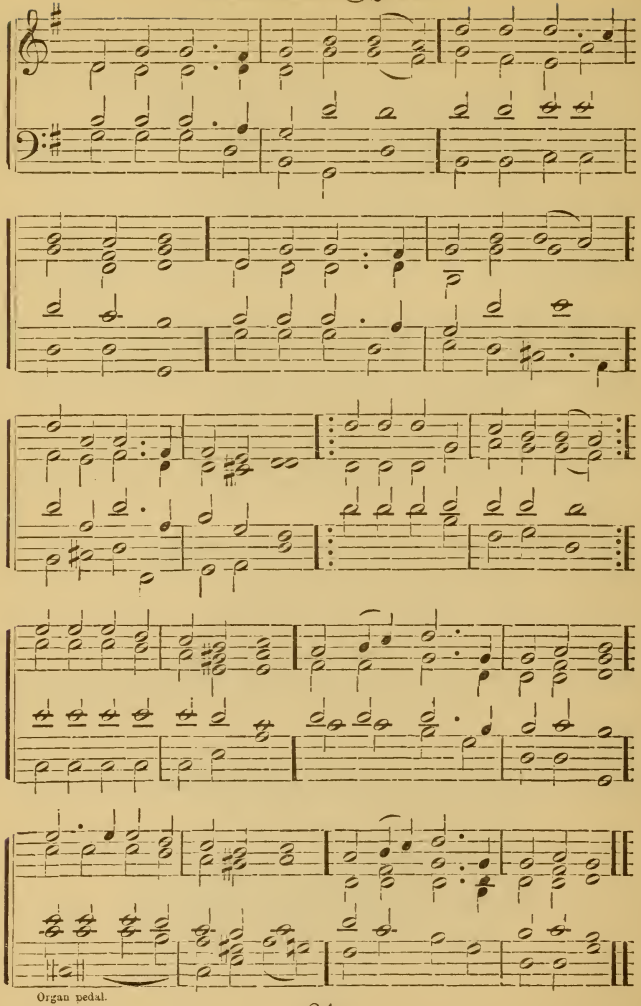
2 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Thus they sing with harps of gold;
Christ is born, the Son is given,
Of the prophets long foretold.
Haste, ye mortals, to adore him,
Heaven and earth his praises bring;
Men and angels fall before him,
Hail your Saviour, Lord, and King. VIII.

---

14 LIGHT of life, the great Messiah,
Promised Day-Spring from on high,
Deign to visit waiting mortals
From thy state above the sky.
God incarnate, veil thy splendor,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Make in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.

2 Shepherds, did you learn his coming
While you kept your flocks by night?
Did you see his star in heaven
Blaze with new-created light?
Haste, ye magi, come and worship,
See the orient star before;
Bring your presents, gold and spices,
Blest Arabia's balmy store.

3 All ye joyous hosts of heaven,
Loudly speak your Saviour's praise
Saints and angels, in full chorus
Your seraphic voices raise;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
In wide-echoing songs proclaim;
Heaven and earth, with joy resounding,
Praise the blest Redeemer's name. VIII.



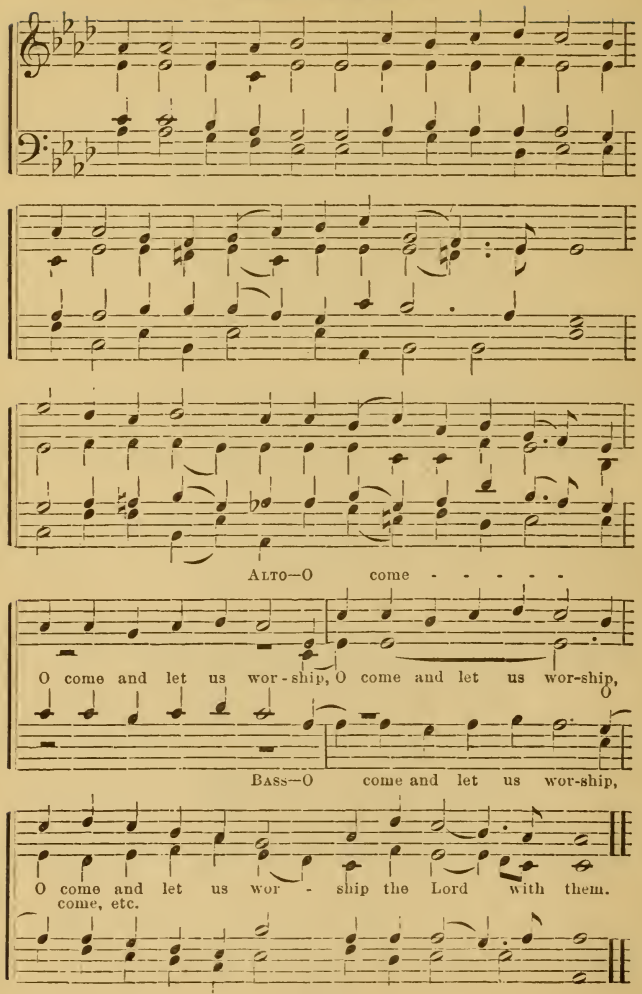
Organ pedal.

Nativity.

15 HARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.
Hark! their songs the heavens fill,
Peace on earth, to men good-will.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.


Alto—O come - - - - -
O come and let us wor-ship, O come and let us wor-ship,
O
Bass—O come and let us wor-ship,
O come and let us wor - ship the Lord with them.
come, etc.

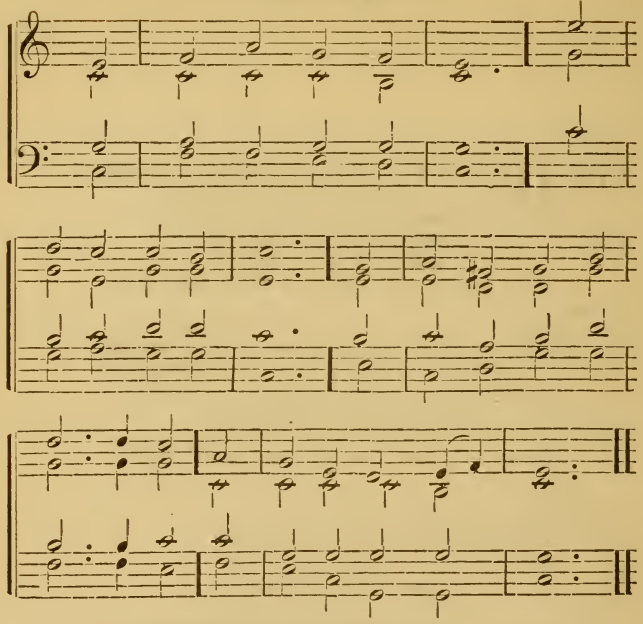
Nativity.

16 O COME, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
And hasten, and hasten to Bethlehem;
See, in a manger, the Monarch of angels!
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship the Lord with them!

2 God of God eternal, Light from light proceeding,
Lo! born of a virgin, to man he draws nigh;
Very God of very God begotten, not created!
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship the Lord on high!

3 Sing alleluia, chorus of the angels,
Sing, heavenly citizens, joyously,
Glory to God in the highest, glory!
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship the Lord on high!

4 To thee, who this day wast born for our redemption,
O Jesu, be praise eternally;
Word of th' eternal Father, now incarnate!
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship the Lord on high!



17 GOD from on high hath heard,
Let sighs and sorrows cease;
Lo. from the opening heaven descends
To man the promised Peace.

2 Hark! through the silent night
Angelic voices swell;
Their joyful songs proclaim that "God
Is born on earth to dwell."

3 See how the shepherd-band
Speed on with eager feet;
Come to the hallowed cave with them,
The holy Babe to greet.

4 But oh! what sight appears
Within that lowly door;
A manger, stall, and swaddling clothes,
A Child and Mother poor.

5 Art thou the Christ? the Son?
The Father's image bright?
And see we him whose arm upholds
Earth and the starry height?

6 Yea, faith can pierce the cloud
Which veils thy glory now;
We hail thee God, before whose throne
The angels prostrate bow.

7 A silent teacher, Lord,
Thou bid'st us not refuse
To bear what flesh would have us shun,
To shun what flesh would choose.

8 Our swelling pride to cure
With that pure love of thine,
O be thou born within our hearts,
Most holy Child Divine. V.

---

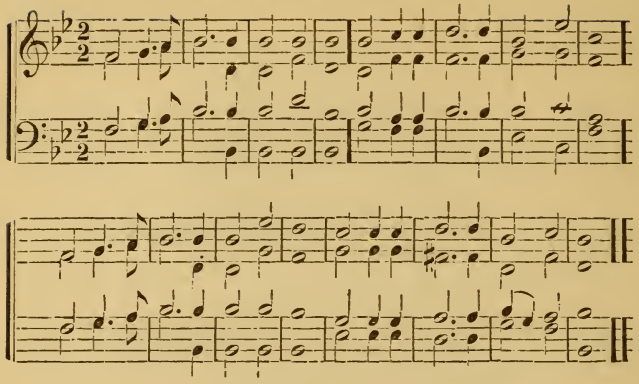
18 O THOU essential Word,
God from eternity;
On earth for our salvation born,
Welcome thou art to me.

2 Thou art the Life, O Lord!
Sole Light of life thou art!
Let not thy glorious rays be poured
In vain on my dark heart.

3 Let naught be left within
But cometh of thy hand;
Root quickly out the weeds of sin,
My cunning foe withstand.

4 From thee comes nothing ill—
'T is he doth set the tares;
Make plain my path before me still,
And save me from his snares.

5 Star of the East, arise!
Drive all my clouds away;
Guide me till earth's dim twilight dies
Into the perfect day! V.

The Name of Jesus.

19 LET every heart exulting beat
With joy at Jesu's name of bliss;
With every pure delight replete
And passing sweet its music is.

2 Jesus the comfortless consoles,
Jesus each sinful fever quells,
Jesus the power of hell controls,
Jesus each deadly foe repels.

3 O speak his glorious name abroad!
Jesus let every tongue confess,
Let every heart and voice accord
The healer of our souls to bless.

4 All might, all glory be to thee,
Refulgent with this name divine;
All honor, worship, majesty,
Jesu, for evermore be thine.

20 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. II.

---

21 THEE, O Emmanuel, we praise!
The Prince of Life, the Fount of Grace,
The Morning-Star, the Heavenly Flower,
Th' incarnate Word, the Lord of Power.

2 Since first the world began to be,
How many a heart hath longed for thee!
Long years our fathers hoped, of old,
Their eyes might yet thy Light behold.

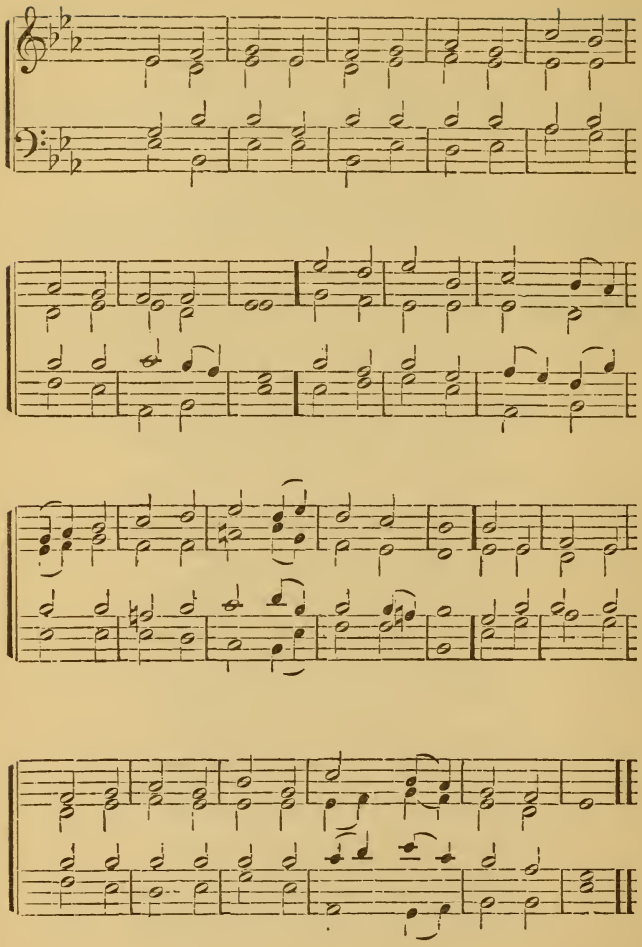
3 The prophets cried, "Ah! would he came
To break the fetters of our shame!
That help from Zion came to men,
Israel were glad and prospered then!"

4 Now thou art here; we know thee now;
In lowly manger liest thou,
A child, yet makest all things great;
Poor, yet is earth thy robe of state.

5 From thee alone all gladness flows,
Who yet shalt bear our bitt'rest woes;
Earth's light and comfort thou shalt be,
Yet none shall watch to comfort thee.

6 Lord, we would sing thy praises here
With joyful spirit, year by year:
And they shall sound before thy throne
When time nor number more are known II.

The Name of Jesus.



The Name of Jesus.

22 TO the Name of our Salvation
Laud and honor let us pay,
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

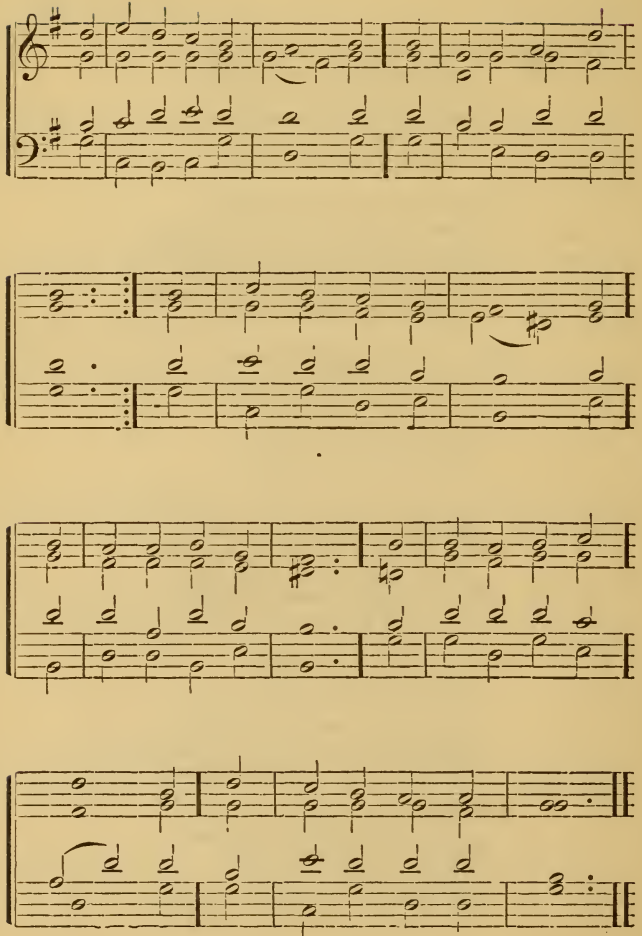
2 Jesus is the name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'T is the name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory;
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

4 'T is the name that, whoso preacheth,
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this name beseecheth,
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth,
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

5 Jesus is the name exalted
Over every other name;
In this name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

6 Therefore we, in love adoring,
This most blessed name revere;
Holy Jesus, thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there. VII.

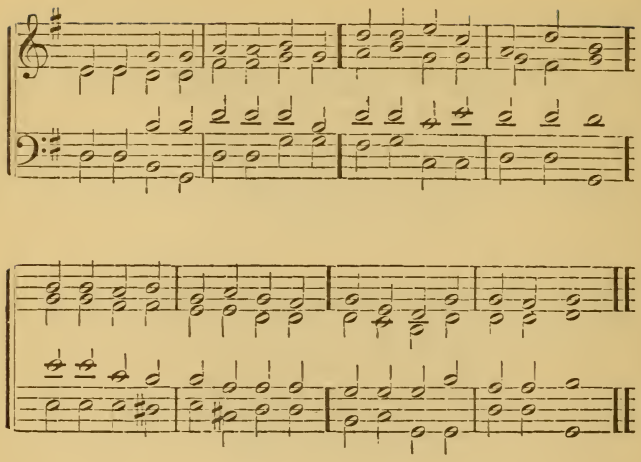


23 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
From hill to vale the fountains
Of righteousness o'erflow.

3 Kings shall bow down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;
To him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
His changeless name of Love.



24 EARTH has many a noble city;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel;
Out of thee the Lord from heaven
Came to rule his Israel.

2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told his birth,
To the world its God announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

3 Eastern sages at his cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning,
Incense doth their faith disclose;
Gold their hearts' best love proclaimeth,
Myrrh obedience foreshows.

5 Jesus, whom the Gentiles worshiped
At thy glad Epiphany,
Unto thee, our only Father,
God, and Saviour, glory be.

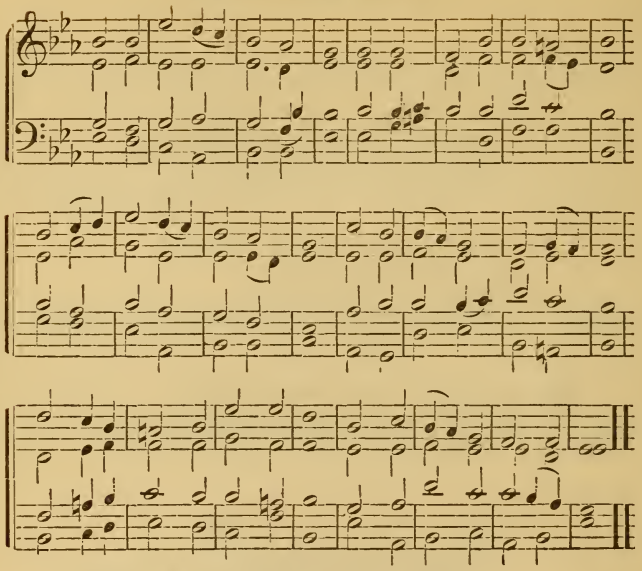
---

25 COME, Redeemer, blessed Jesus,
Born to set thy people free!
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every humble heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign supreme forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
So may we a place inherit
With the blest before thy throne. IX.



26 AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

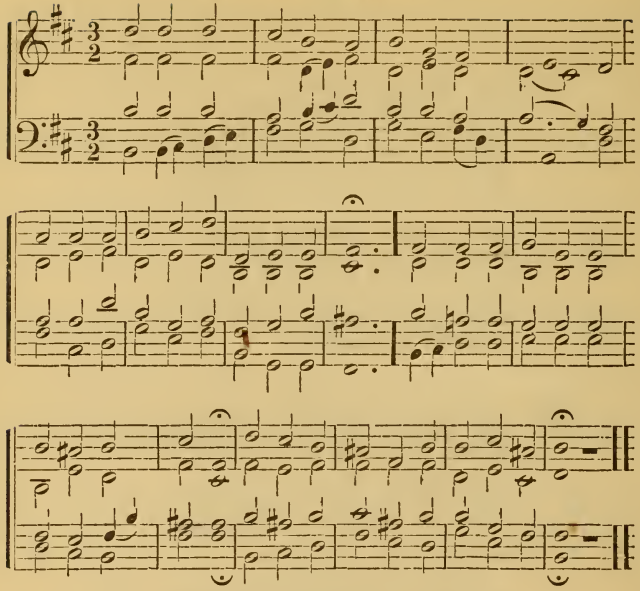
---

27 ALL ye Gentile lands, awake!
Thou, O Salem, rise and shine!
See the day-spring o'er you break,
Heralding a morn divine;
Telling God hath called to mind
Those who long in darkness pined.

2 Lo! the glory of the Lord
Hath arisen on us to-day;
We have seen the light outpoured
That must surely drive away
All things that to night belong—
All the sad earth's woe and wrong.

3 Thy arising, Lord, shall fill
All my thoughts in sorrow's hour;
Thy arising, Lord, shall still
All my dread of death's dark power;
Through my smiles and through my tears,
Still thy light, O Lord, appears.

4 Let me, Lord, in peace depart
From this evil world to thee;
Where thyself sole brightness art,
Thou hast kept a place for me;
In the shining city there,
Crowns of light thy saints shall wear.



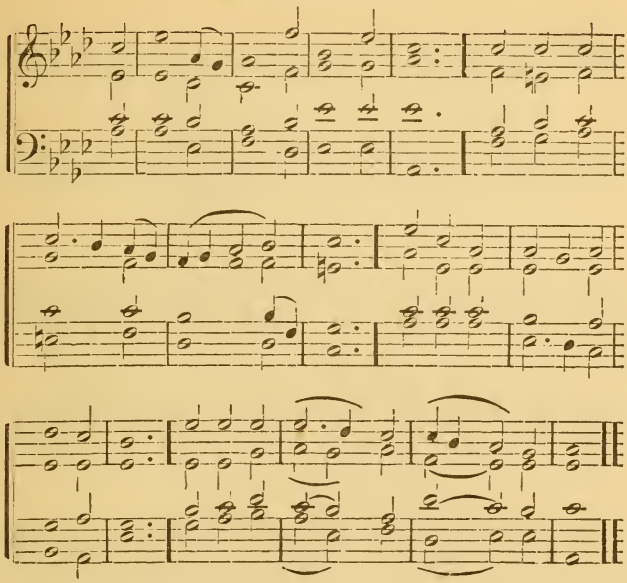
28 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion.
Odors of Edom and offrings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor

Transfiguration.

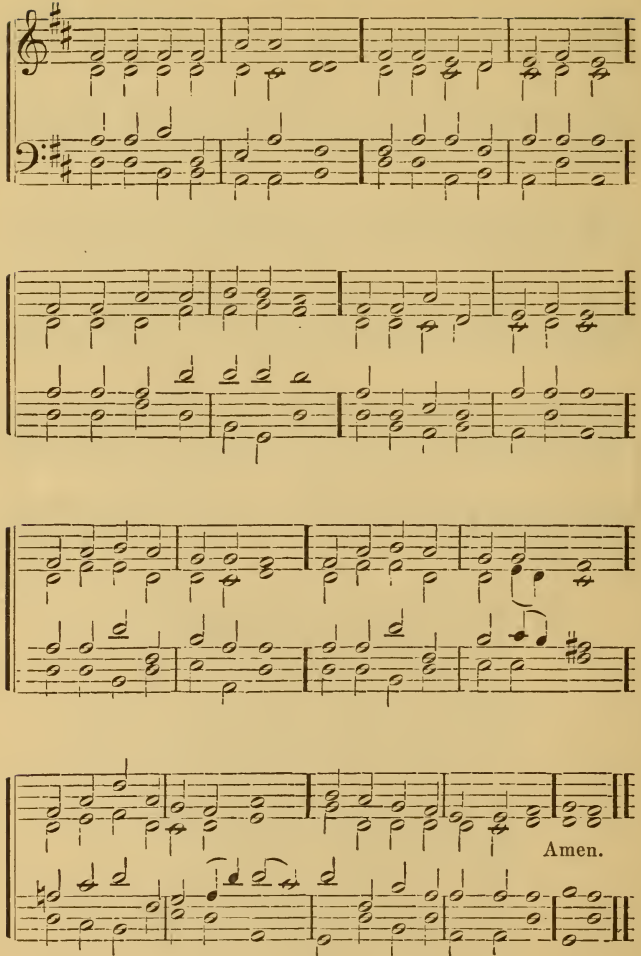


29 THOU Sun of love whose radiant light
Glads the adoring angels' sight,
How shall I lift mine eyes to thee
In all thy bright immensity?

2 On Tabor's height in days of old
Did men thy majesty behold;
Thy Word reflects the glorious view,
That we may share the vision too.

3 In every work thy hands have made,
Thy power and wisdom are displayed,
But O! what glories all divine
From thee, Incarnate Saviour, shine!

4 Thou art my Sun: thy quickening rays
Fill my glad heart with joy and praise;
Cheered by thy glowing beams I prove
The warmth of thy paternal love. II.


Amen.

Litany.

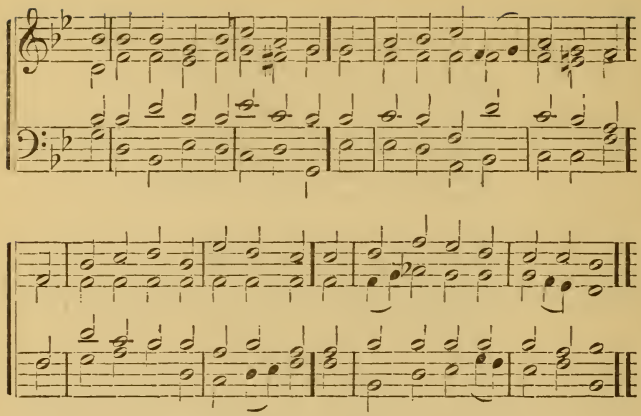
30 SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
O! by all thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,
Jesu, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the gracious tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,
By the mournful word that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold,
Jesu, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thine hour of whelming fear,
By thine agony and prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn
By thy cross, thy pangs, and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice,
Jesu, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

5 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany. Amen.



31 O LOVE, how deep! how broad! how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, th' eternal Word, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

2 He sent no angel to our race
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.

3 Nor willed he only to appear;
His pleasure was to tarry here,
And God-and-Man with man would be
The space of thirty years and three.

4 For us he was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptation sharp he knew;
For us the tempter overthrew.

5 For us he prayed, for us he taught,
For us his daily works he wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not himself, but us.

6 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death,
For us at length gave up his breath.
7 For us he rose from death again,
For us he went on high to reign,
For us he sent his Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer. II.

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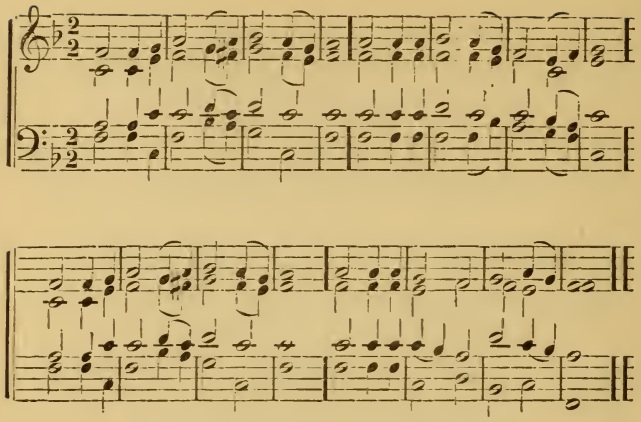
32 THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My love, my faith, my hope increase,
And make me in thy likeness shine.
2 With single eye and humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see!
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed every thought to thee!
3 Close by thy side O keep me still,
Howe'er life's various currents flow;
With steadfast eye to mark thy will,
And follow thee where'er I go.
4 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone hast thou the wine-press trod.
Thy hand shall lead me safely on:
Mighty to save art thou, my God. I.

---

33 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee:
O burst these bonds, and set it free.
2 While in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, if thou, O Lord, art near.
3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
O Lord, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart
4 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace. II.



34 JESUS, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With resignation arm my breast,
With humble love and lowly fear.

2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Mingled according to thy will,
Though bitter to the taste it be,
'Tis full of heavenly mercy still.

3 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

4 O thou, who bad'st the tempest cease.
And lo! the waves obeyed thy will,
Speak to my warring passions, peace!
Say to my trembling heart—be still. I.

35 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy Word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal
Thy work of mercy to fulfill;
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory, too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
And at the last, with victory blest,
Lord, let me find in thee my rest. IL

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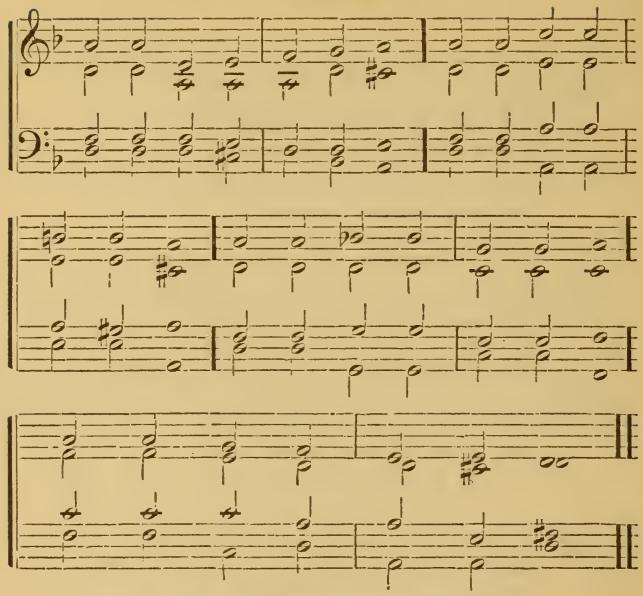
36 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
O seek thy better needs to learn,
For higher goods thy God implore.

2 O holy Lord, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer,
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there. L

37 FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about thy way;
Stones thy pillow; earth thy bed.

3 Shall not we thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with thee to suffer pain?

4 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

5 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to thee.

6 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by thy side,
That with thee we may appear
At th' eternal Eastertide.

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38 WHAT within me and without
Hourly on my spirit weighs,
Burdening heart and soul with doubt,
Darkening all my weary days.

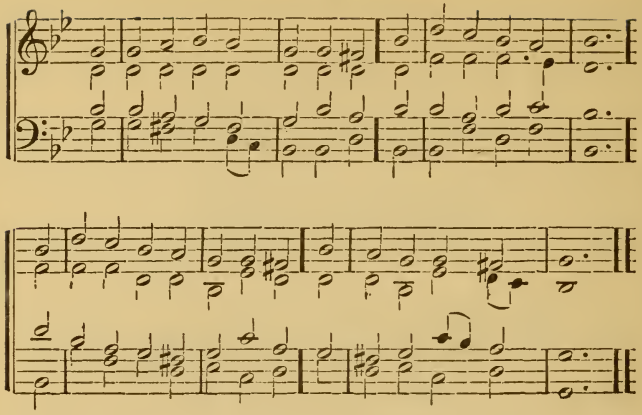
2 In it I behold thy will,
God, who givest rest and peace;
And my heart is calm and still,
Waiting till thou send release.

3 Yea, on thee, my God, I rest,
Letting life flow calmly on,
For I know the last is best,
When the crown of joy is won.

4 In thy might all things I bear,
In thy love find bitter sweet,
And, with all my grief and care,
Sit in patience at thy feet.

5 Let thy mercy's wings be spread
O'er me—keep me close to thee;
In the peace thy love doth shed
Let me dwell eternally.

6 Be my all; in all I do,
Let me only seek thy will;
Where the heart to thee is true,
All is peaceful, calm, and still.



39 LORD, as we to thy mercy flee
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done."

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven;
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven. IV

40 LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits pitying see,
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam peace into each heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still
That grants it or denies. IV.

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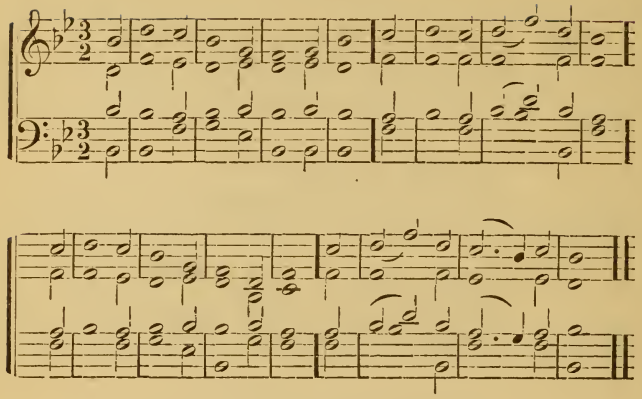
41 FOREVER blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends the Spirit of his Word
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

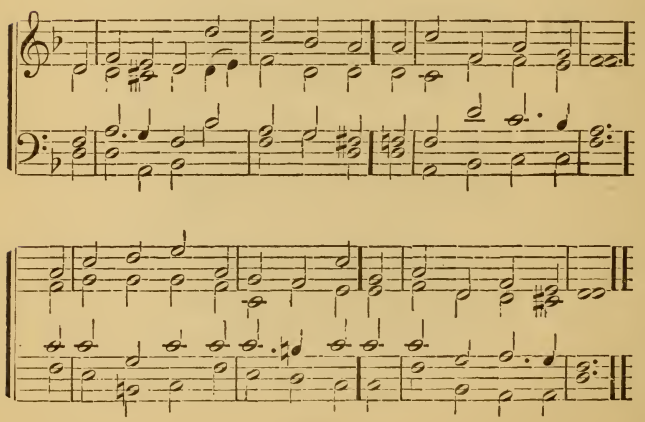
3 A friend and helper so divine
My fainting hope shall raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise. IV.

Penitential Hymns.

First Tune.



Second Tune.



Temptation.

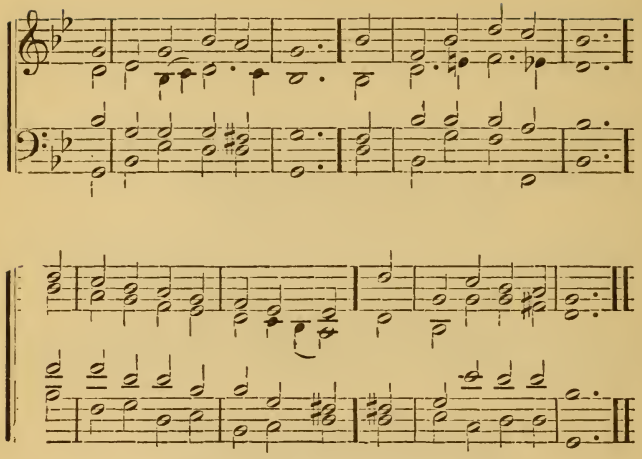
42 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his Word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee. IV.



43 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock
That 's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I 'll abide:
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide. V.

Temptation.

44 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

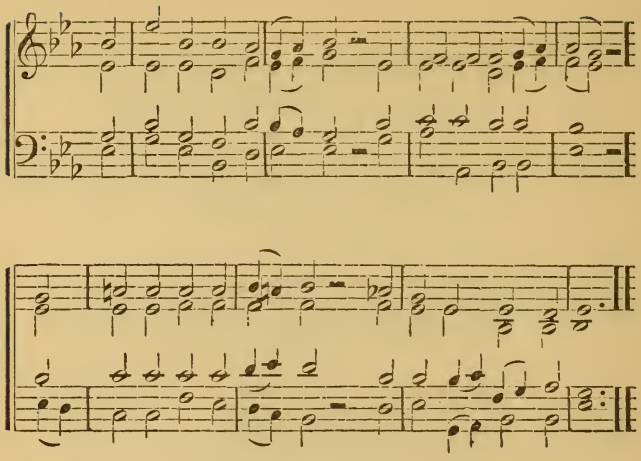
5 Thou God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
For evermore undone.

---

45 O CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
O haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.



46 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head.

2 O, happy if ye labor
As Jesus did for men;
O, happy if ye hunger,
As Jesus hungered then.

3 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

4 What are they but his jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

5 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

6 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

---

47 GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My light, my help is near.

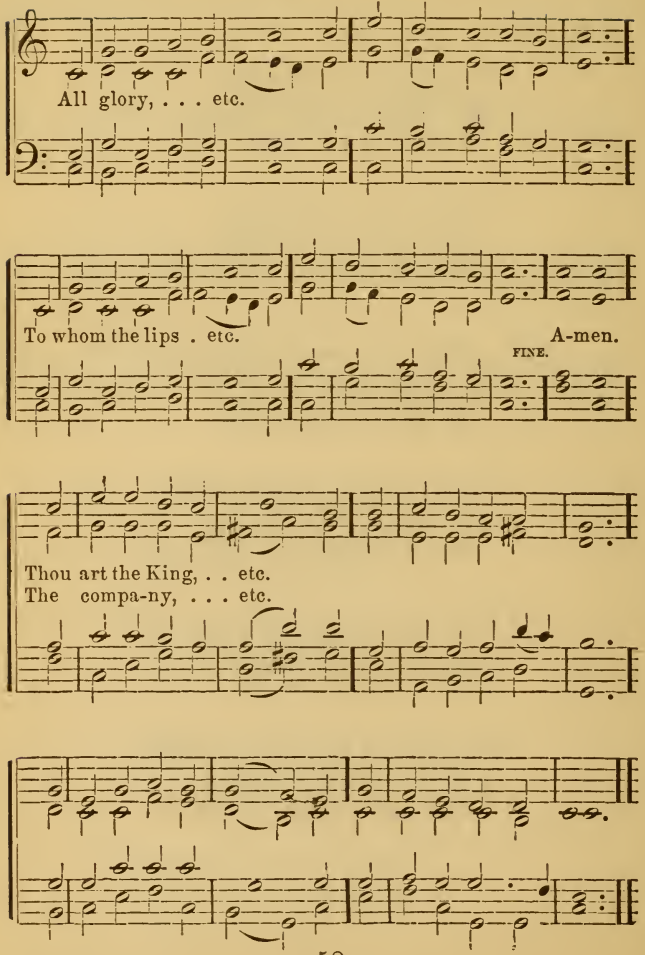
2 Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand?

3 Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with homage wait;
His truth be thine affiance
When faint and desolate.

4 His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
"The Lord will give thee peace."

Hymn for Palm-Sunday,

being the Sunday next before Easter.



Entry into Jerusalem.

48 ALL glory, laud, and honor,
To thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.
All glory, etc.

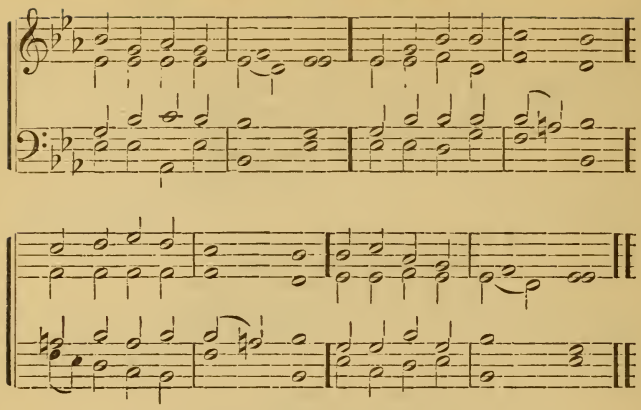
2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessed One.
All glory, etc.

3 The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created make reply.
All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.
All glory, etc.

5 To thee, before thy Passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.



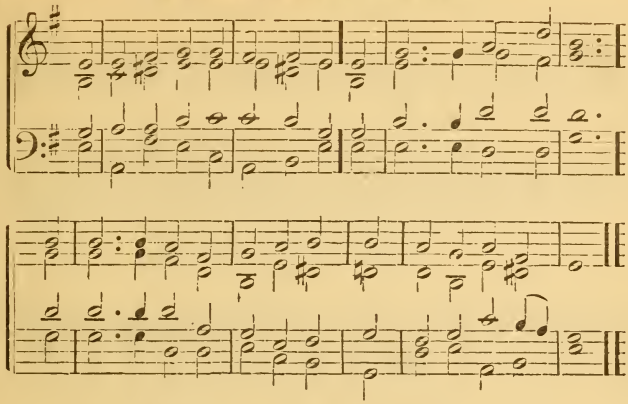
49 JESU, meek and lowly,
Saviour, pure and holy,
On thy love relying,
Hear me humbly crying.

2 Prince of life and power,
My salvation's tower,
On the cross I view thee,
Calling sinners to thee.

3 There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing;
Bending low before thee,
Helpless I adore thee.

4 Fount of love unceasing,
Whence is every blessing,
All my aching sadness,
Turn thou into gladness.

5 Lord, in mercy guide me,
Be thou e'er beside me:
In thy ways direct me,
'Neath thy wings protect me



50 MY God, I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love thee not
Must die eternally.

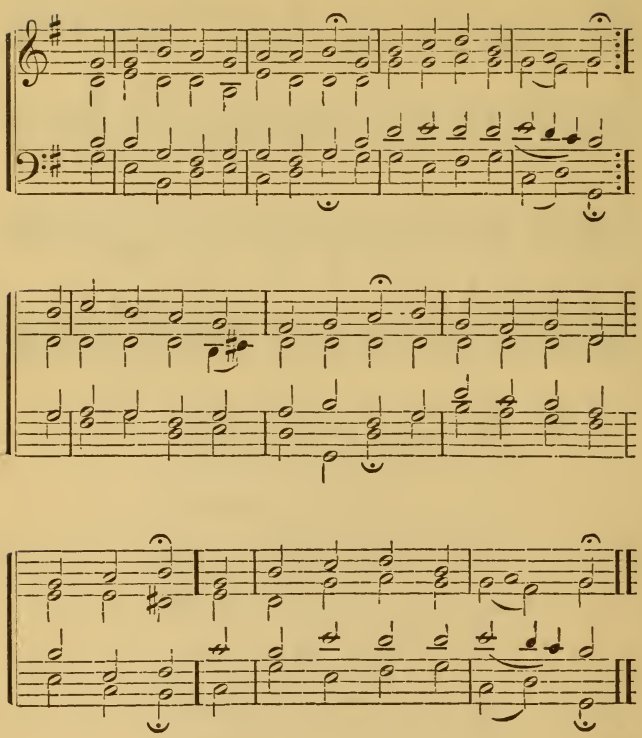
2 Thou, O my Saviour, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
Yea, death itself: and all for me
Who was thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell:

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward,
But as thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.

6 So would I love thee, dearest Lord,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because thou art my God
And my eternal King.



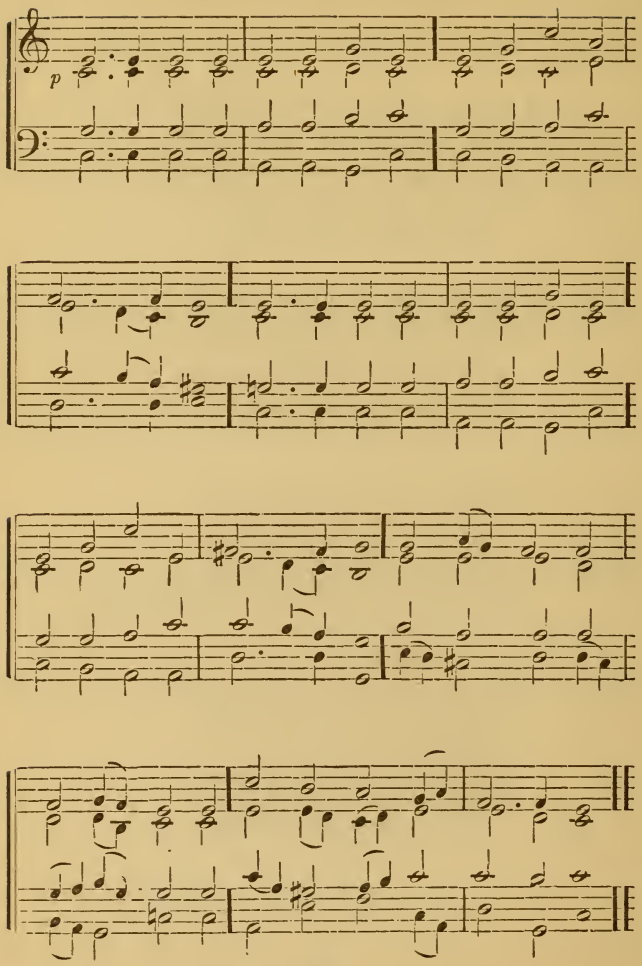
51 O SINNER, lift the eye of faith,
To true repentance turning;
Bethink thee of the curse of sin,
Its awful guilt discerning.
Upon the crucified One look,
And thou shalt read as in a book
What well is worth thy learning.

2 Look on his head, that bleeding head,
With crown of thorns surrounded;
Look on his sacred hands and feet,
Which piercing nails have wounded;
See every limb with scourges rent!
On him, the just, the innocent,
What malice hath abounded!

3 None ever knew such pain before,
Such infinite affliction;
None ever felt a grief like his
In that dread crucifixion.
For us he bare those bitter throes,
For us those agonizing woes,
In oft-renewed infliction.

4 O sinner, mark and ponder well
The price of thy salvation;
Behold how unto death he bears
Thy sorrows, thy temptation.
The powers of hell are overthrown,
The Conqueror's arm doth hold them down
In endless subjugation.

5 Lord, give us grace to flee from sin
And Satan's wiles ensnaring,
And from those everlasting woes
For evil ones preparing.
Jesu, we thank thee and entreat
To rest forever at thy feet,
Thy heavenly glory sharing.

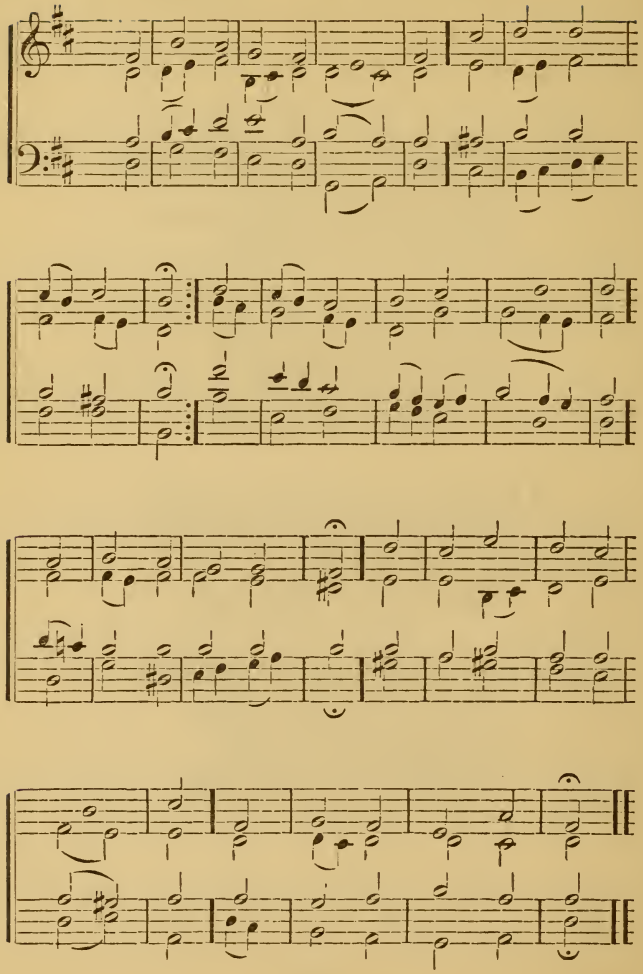

p

52 NOW, my soul, thy voice upraising,
Tell, in sweet and mournful strain,
How the Crucified, enduring
Grief, and wounds, and dying pain,
Freely of his love was offered,
Sinless was for sinners slain.

2 Scourged with unrelenting fury
For the sins which we deplore,
By his livid stripes he heals us,
Raising us to fall no more;
All our bruises gently soothing,
Binding up the bleeding sore.

3 Through his heart the spear is piercing,
Though his foes have seen him die;
Blood and water thence are streaming
In a tide of mystery;
Water from our sins to cleanse us,
Blood to win us crowns on high.

4 Jesu, may those precious fountains
Drink to thirsting souls afford;
Let them be our cup and healing,
And at length our full reward,
So a ransomed world shall ever
Praise thee its redeeming Lord.

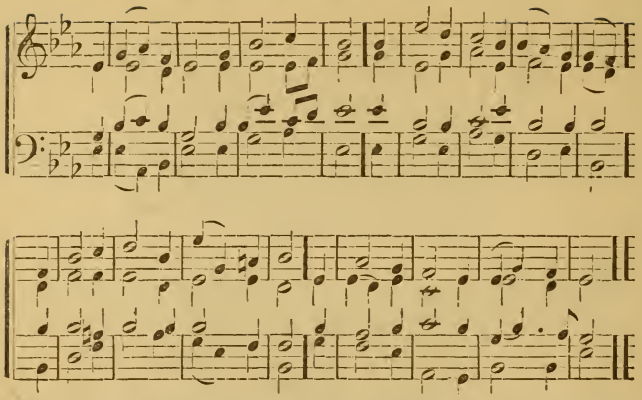


53 O SACRED head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding head, so wounded
Reviled, and put to scorn!
O head once wreathed with glory,
And bright with shining rays,
Now mocked and scorned, before thee
I bow in silent praise.

2 How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!
Thy grief and thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O grant that I may ever
Abide, dear Lord, in thee;
Nor let e'en death e'er sever
My faithful soul from thee.

4 When I depart, be nigh me;
O Lord, go not from me!
Nor in that hour deny me
The strength I need from thee.
Then will I, calm and trustful,
Yield up to thee my breath,
Rejoicing, yet not boastful,
O happy, happy death!



54 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. I.

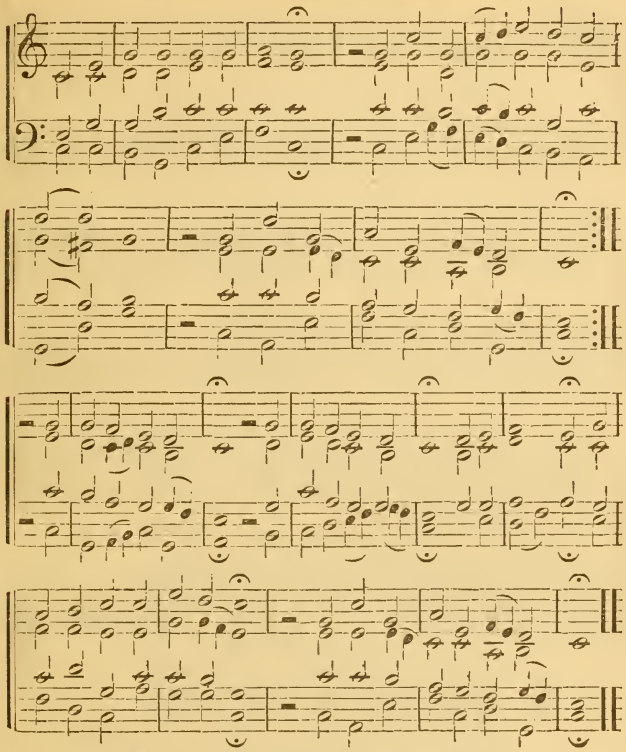
---

55 LORD Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon thy holy cross,
In love of thee and scorn of self,
O, may we count the world as loss.

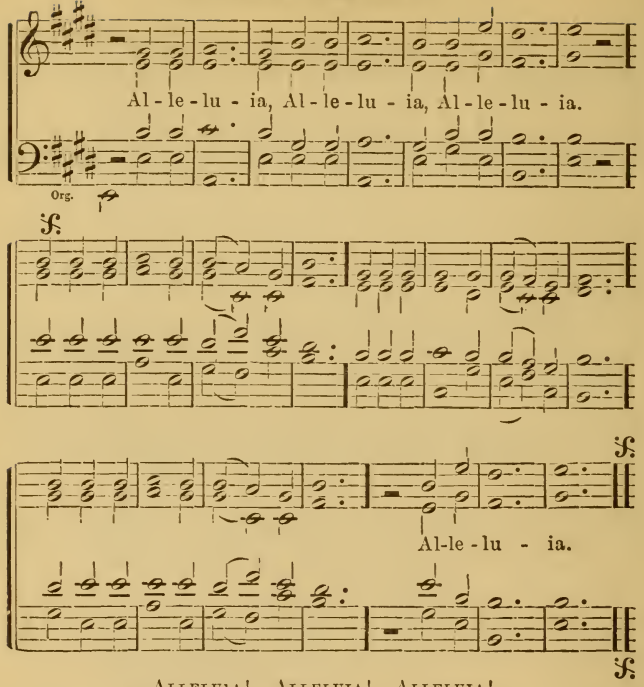
2 O holy Lord, uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below,

3 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of thy death
Draw us and all men unto thee! I.

Easter. Choral Introit.



56 UP, ye Christians, join in singing,
And praises to our Saviour bringing,
For risen is the Conqueror.
Lo! his march is now undoubted,
And all the powers of death are routed;
Lo! open lies the sepulcher.
O fair and glorious beam!
O joy in fullest stream! Alleluia!
With hero-might he wins the fight,
And scatters all the hosts of night.



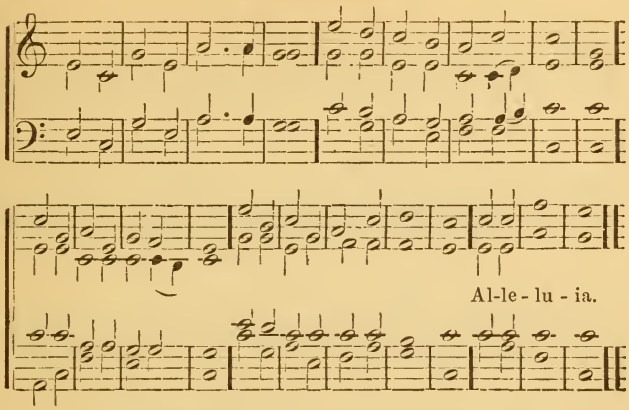
ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

57 THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
The triumph of the Lord is won;
O let the song of praise be sung. Alleluia!

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath his foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst. Alleluia!

3 On this third morn he rose again
In glorious majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain. Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let songs of joy his triumphs tell. Alleluia!



58 JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appall us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia!

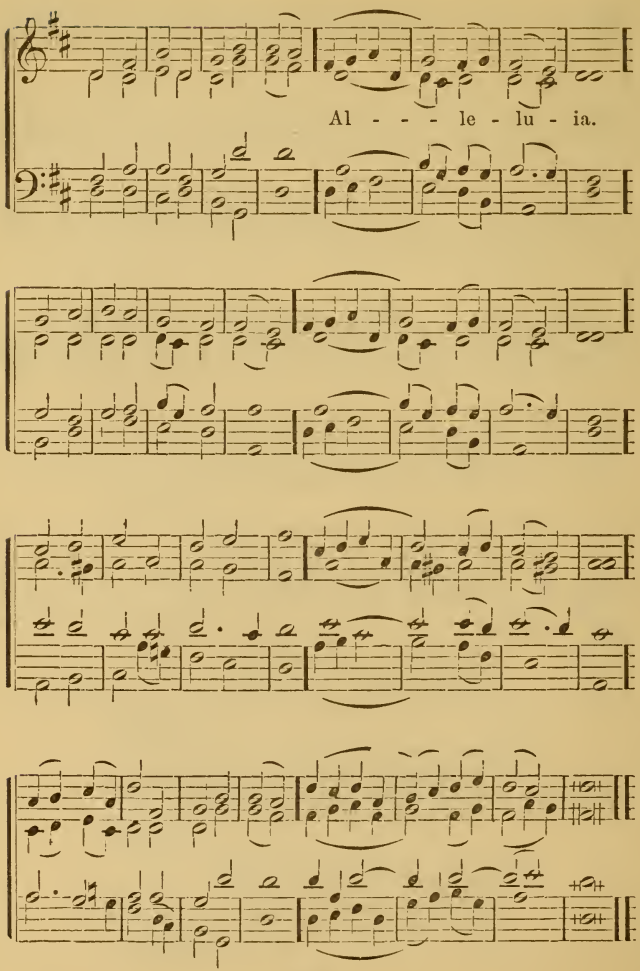
2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us he died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us his love shall sever,
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from his keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where he is gone,
Rest and reign with him in heaven.
Alleluia!

Easter-Hymns.

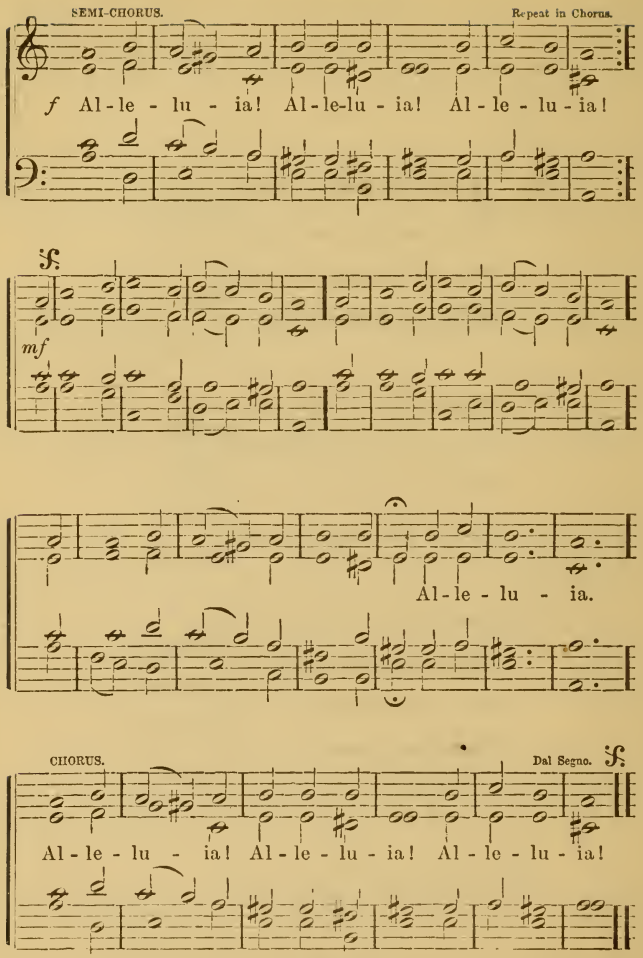


Resurrection.

59 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day,
Alleluia!
Who did once, upon the cross,
Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Alleluia!
Who endured the cross and grave,
Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3 But the pain which he endured,
Alleluia!
Our salvation hath procured;
Alleluia!
Now above the sky he's King,
Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia!


SEMI-CHORUS.
Repeat in Chorus.
f Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le-lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
mf
Al - le - lu - ia.
CHORUS.
Dal Segno.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

60 O SONS and daughters, let us sing!
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.
Alleluia!

2 That Sunday morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia!

3 An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."
Alleluia!

4 That night the Apostles met in fear;
Amid them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be on all here."
Alleluia!

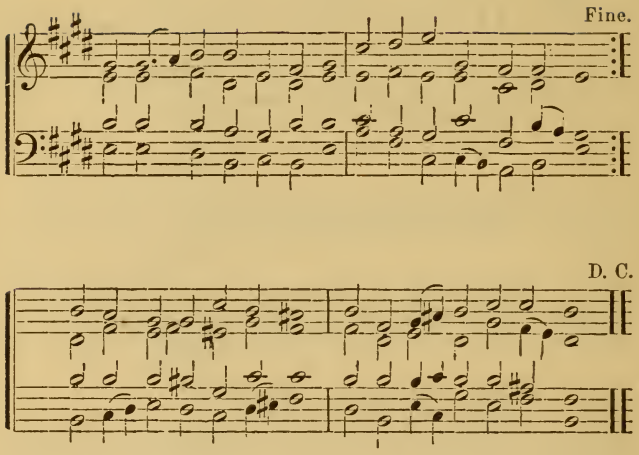
5 When Didymus the tidings heard,
He doubted if it were the Lord,
Until he came and spake this word:
Alleluia!

6 "My pierced side, O Thomas, see;
My hands, my feet I show to thee;
Nor faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia!

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Alleluia!

8 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been!
For they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

9 On this most holy day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia!

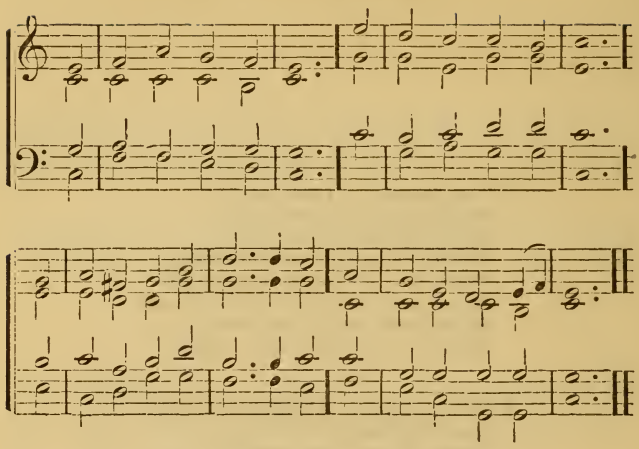


61 ANGELS, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See! he rises from the tomb,
Bright with heaven's immortal bloom.
'T is the Saviour! Angels, raise
Your triumphant songs of praise;
Let the world's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

2 O ye people, lift your eyes,
High in glory see him rise;
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.
Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
All on earth, in humble strain,
Sing the mighty Saviour's reign!

3 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Over thee the Lord is King;
Where, O grave, thy victory?
Christ no more in thee doth lie.
Heaven unfolds her portals wide,
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of Glory, mount thy throne,
Heaven and earth are all thine own.

4 Jesus Christ, our risen Lord,
Ever be thy name adored;
God and Man! alone in thee
Dwells the blessed Trinity:
Glory, honor, power, and might,
Be to thee, O Prince of Light,
Lord of all the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



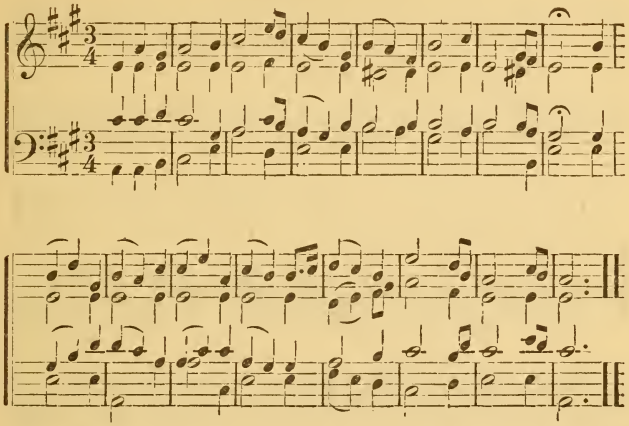
62 TO Christ the Prince of Peace,
Jesus our Lord most high,
The Father of the world to come,
We lift our joyful cry.

2 Deep in his heart for us
The wound of love he bore,
That love which still he kindles in
The hearts that him adore.

3 O Jesu, Saviour blest,
What else but love divine
Could thee constrain to open thus
That sacred heart of thine?

4 O Fount of endless life,
O Spring of water clear!
O flame celestial, cleansing all
Who unto thee draw near!

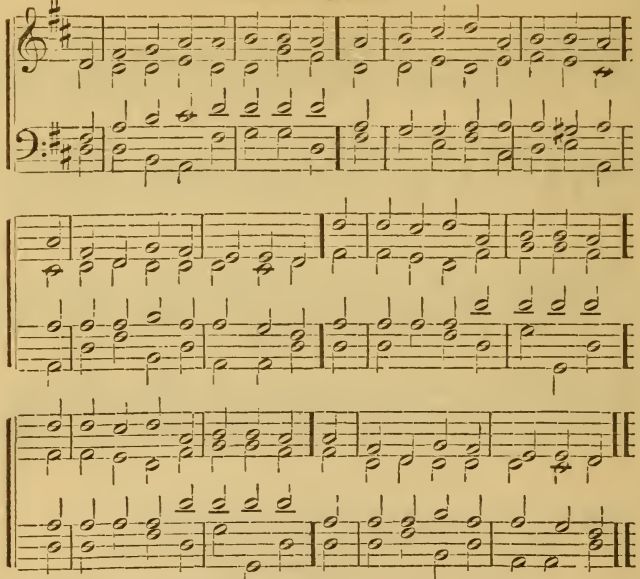
5 Hide me in thy dear heart,
For thither do I fly;
There seek thy grace through life, in death
Thine immortality. V.

Resurrection.

63 LORD, when thou mak'st thy presence felt,
And when the soul hath grasped thee right,
How fast the dreary shadows melt
Beneath thy warm and living light!

2 In thee I find a nobler birth,
A glory o'er the world I see,
And paradise returns to earth,
And blooms again for us in thee.

3 Thou strong and loving Son of Man,
Redeemer from the bonds of sin,
'T is thou the living spark dost fan,
That sets my breast on fire within.

4 Thou openest heaven once more to men,
The soul's true home, thy kingdom, Lord,
And I can trust and hope again,
And feel myself akin to God. I.

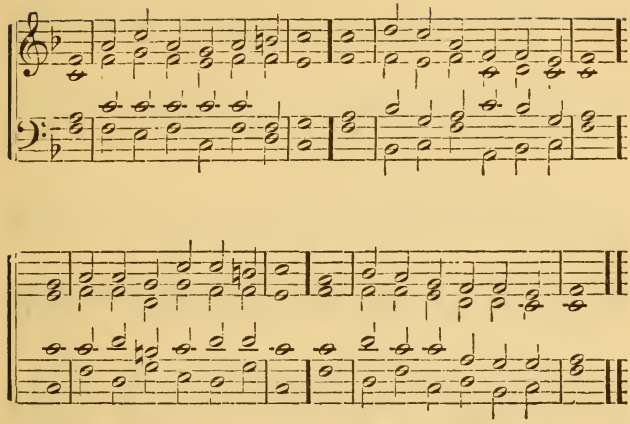


64 FROM highest heaven th' eternal Lord,
Of Mary born, th' incarnate Word,
Came down to suffer, and to die:
For love of sinful man he bore
Our human griefs and troubles sore,
Our load of sin and misery.

2 Sing out, ye saints of God, and praise
The Lamb who died, his flock to raise
From sin and everlasting woe;
With angels round the throne above,
O tell the wonders of his love,
The joys that from his mercy flow.

3 In darkest shades of night we lay
Without a beam to guide our way,
Or hope of aught beyond the grave;
But he hath brought us life and light,
And opened heaven to our sight,
And lives forever strong to save.

Resurrection.



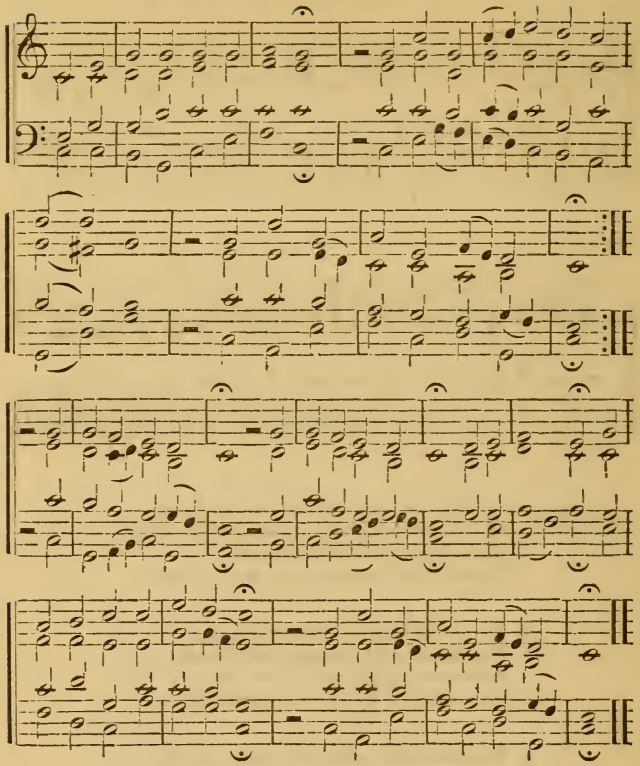
65 JESU, the world's redeeming Lord,
Th' eternal heaven-descended Word,
Of Light invisible true Light,
Thine Israel's keeper day and night;

2 Our great Creator and our Guide,
Who times and seasons dost divide,
Refresh at night with quiet rest
Our limbs by daily toil oppressed.

3 We pray thee, while we dwell below,
Preserve us from our ghostly foe;
Nor let his wiles victorious be
O'er them that are redeemed by thee.

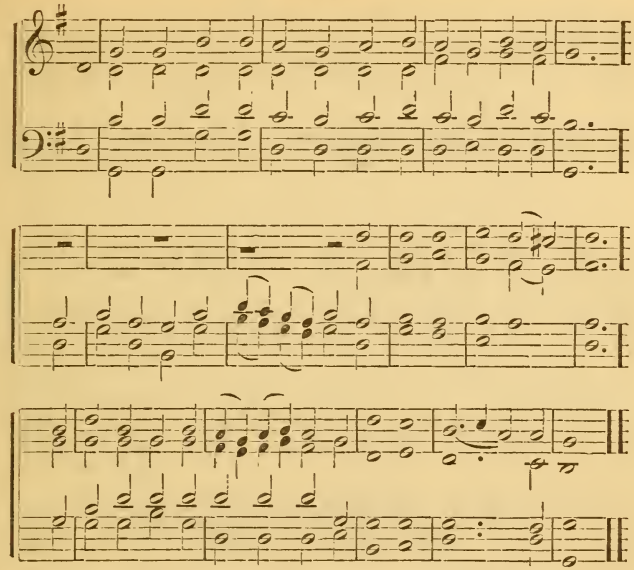
4 O Lord of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed for ever shield. II.

Ascension. Choral Introit.



66 JESUS, Lord, our Captain glorious!
O'er sin, and death, and hell victorious,
Wisdom and might to thee belong.
We confess, proclaim, adore thee,
We bow the knee, we fall before thee;
Thy love henceforth shall be our song.
The cross meanwhile we bear,
The crown ere long to wear; Alleluia!
Thy reign extend, world without end,
Let praise from all to thee ascend.

Ascension.



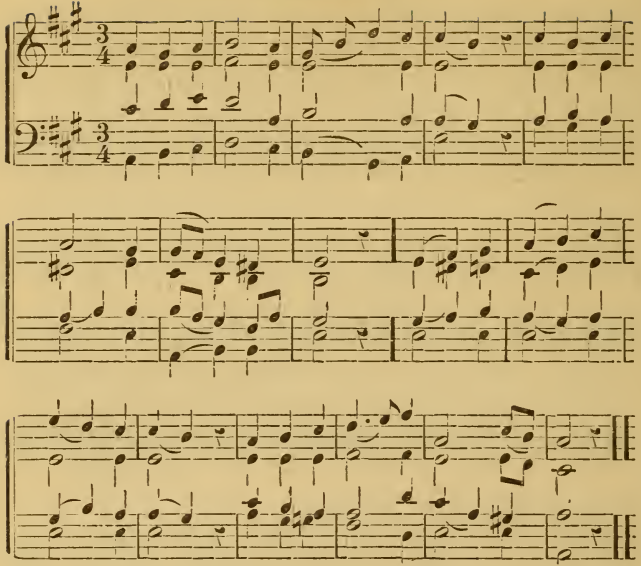
67 ALL hail the great Immanuel's name!
Let seraphs prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Let countless angels strike the lyre,
And low before him fall,
Who tune to love their holy choir,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Let every tribe, of every tongue,
All creatures, great and small,
Loud swell this universal song,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Our heavenly Father, Jesus, Lord,
Whom King of kings we call;
We worship thee, Incarnate Word,
And crown thee Lord of all. IV

Ascension.



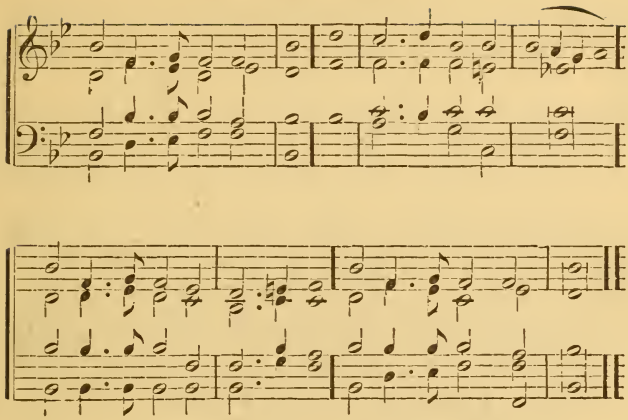
68 YE Christians, tune your noblest strains,
Your Lord, to heaven ascended, sing;
And echo to the heavenly plains
The triumphs of your God and King.

2 In hymns of grateful rapture tell
How he subdued your mightiest foes,
Disarmed the powers of death and hell,
And led them captive when he rose.

3 His Human Nature now Divine,
From him the springs of blessing flow:
Transcendent glories round him shine,
And beam through heaven on men below.

4 Then let your praises mount above,
Jesus your God and Saviour own,
Adore his vast, redeeming love,
Proclaim him God, and God alone. I.

Ascension.



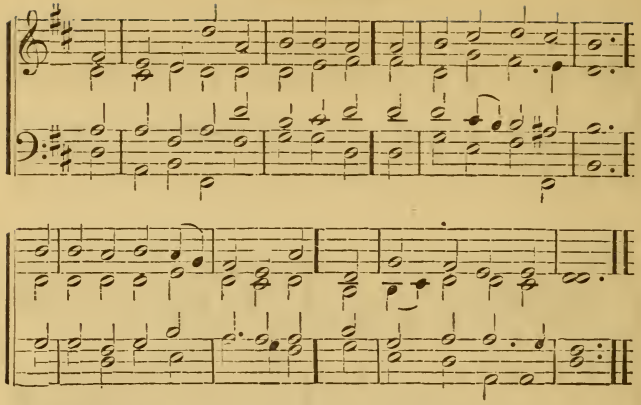
69 THOU art gone up on high
To realms beyond the skies,
And round thy throne unceasingly
Sweet songs of praise arise.

2 Thou art gone up on high,
But thou didst first come down
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto thy crown.

3 But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

4 Here, girt with griefs and tears
Our onward course must be;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to thee. V.

Ascension.



70 JESU, our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring,
Creator of the world art thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

2 How vast the mercy and the love
Which took our griefs on thee,
And led thee to a cruel death
To set thy people free!

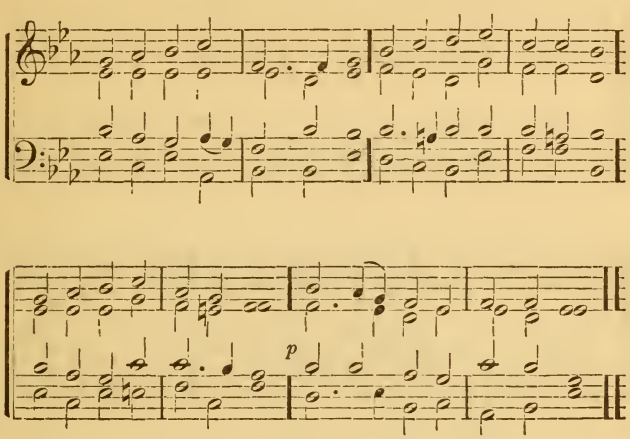
3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The foe is captive led,
Thou reignest on thy glorious throne,
By heaven and earth obeyed

4 O may thy mighty love prevail
Our hearts to lift to thee,
That so where thou art gone, there too
Our final rest may be.

5 Jesu, our only Joy be thou,
As thou our Prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now
And through eternity.

6 All praise to thee who dost ascend
Triumphantly to heaven;
To whom all power above, below,
For evermore is given.

Ascension.

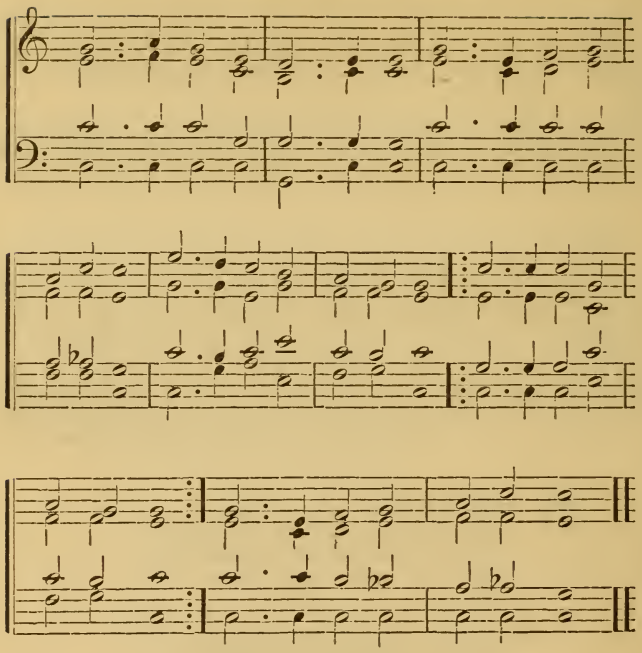


71 RULER of the hosts of light,
Death hath yielded to thy might;
And thy cross doth mark the road
Which will lead us back to God.

2 From thy dwelling place above,
From thy radiant throne of love,
With thy look of mercy bless
Those without thee comfortless.

3 Now in glory thou dost reign,
Yet thou know'st our grief and pain,
Thence the promised Spirit send,
While our prayers to thee ascend.

4 Jesus Christ, ascended Lord,
Be thy name o'er all adored.
Mighty God, alone to thee
Everlasting glory be.



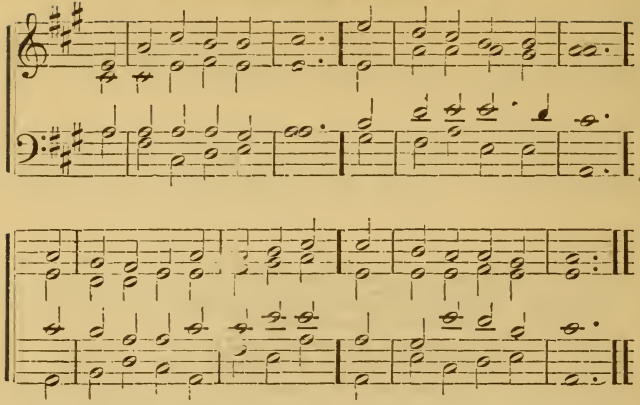
72 COME, thou Holy Spirit, come;
And from thine eternal home
Shed the ray of light divine;
Come, thou Father of the poor,
Come, thou source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine!

2 Thou of Comforters the best,
Thou the soul's most welcome Guest,
Sweet Refreshment here below!
In our labor rest most sweet,
Grateful shadow from the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe!

3 O most blessed Light Divine,
Shine within these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill;
If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay—
All our good is turned to ill.

4 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away;
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray.

5 On the faithful, who adore
And confess thee, evermore
In thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them virtue's sure reward,
Give them thy salvation, Lord,
Give them joys that never end.



73 ABOVE the starry spheres,
To where he was before,
Christ had gone up, his heavenly gifts
Upon the Church to pour.

2 At length had fully come,
On mystic circle borne
Of seven times seven revolving days,
The Pentecostal morn:

3 When, as the Apostles knelt
At the third hour in prayer,
A sudden rushing sound proclaimed
That God himself was there.

4 Forthwith a tongue of fire
Is seen on every brow;
Each heart receives the Father's light,
The Word's enkindling glow;

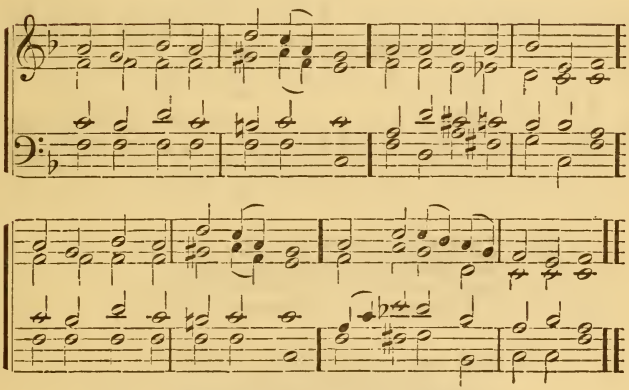
5 The Holy Ghost on all
Is mightily outpoured,
Who straight in divers tongues declare
The wonders of the Lord.

6 While strangers of all climes
Flock round from far and near,
And their own tongue, wherever born,
All with amazement hear.

7 But Judah, faithless still,
Denies the Hand Divine,
And, mocking, jeers the saints of Christ
As full of new-made wine.

8 Till Peter, in the midst,
By Joel's ancient word
Rebukes their unbelief, and wins
Three thousand to the Lord.

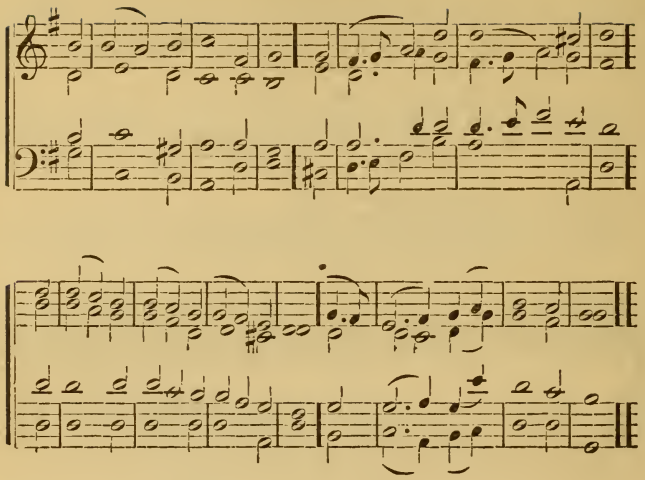
9 Jesus, almighty Lord,
Whom only we adore:
O let thy Spirit's gifts be poured
On us for evermore.



74 GRACIOUS Spirit—Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,—
Earnest of immortal rest.

3 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

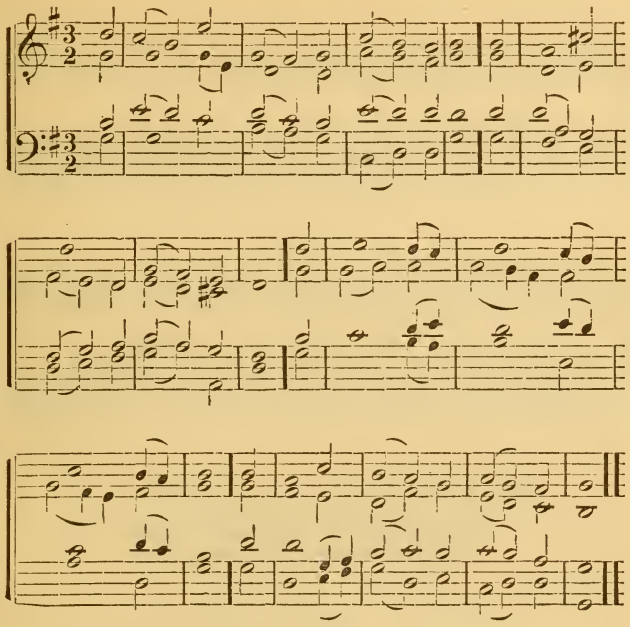


75 BLEST Comforter divine,
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above;

2 Thou, who with "still small voice"
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the mourning soul rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay;

3 Thou, whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear;

4 Thou, who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter! to us impart
The blessings of thy grace. V.

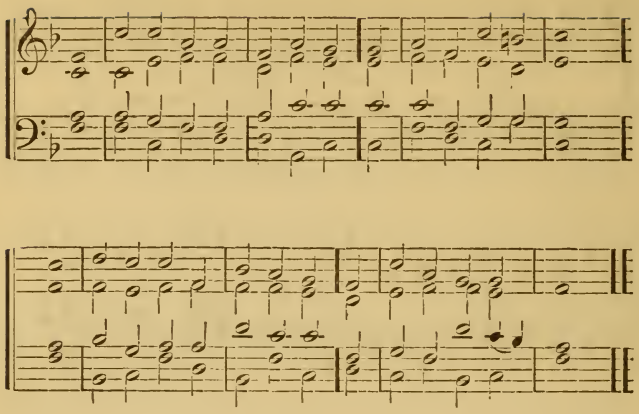


76 COME, O Creator, Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

3 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead:
So shall we not, with thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside. II.

The Second Coming.



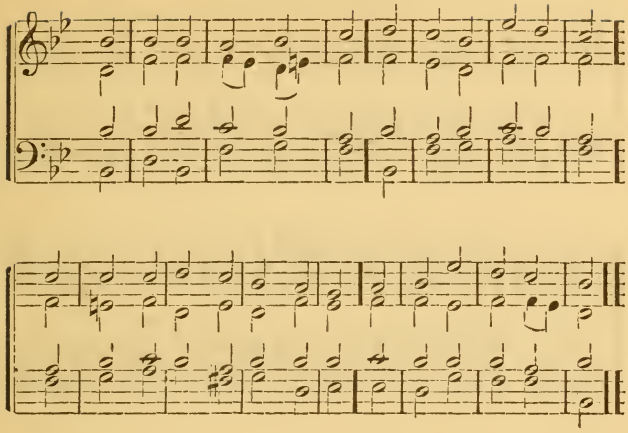
77 NOW blessing, honor, glory, praise,
By angel hosts are sung;
The church below the voice doth raise
To join the heavenly throng.

2 Adored be he who comes to bless
The nations with his love,
To show his truth and righteousness,
And every cloud remove.

3 Blessed be he who comes to reign
In Zion's happy land!
Jerusalem is built again,
And shall forever stand.

4 No more his kingdom shall decay,
No more the temple fall;
Here Jesus reigns with endless sway,
The King and Lord of all.

The Second Coming.

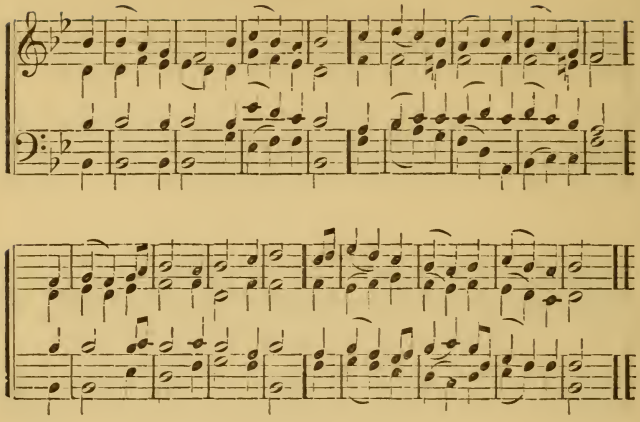


78 JERUSALEM, arise,
The heavenly glory view;
The light is come, lift up thine eyes,
All things are now made new.

2 Now ended is the reign
Of error's gloomy night:
The Sun of heaven appears again,
And beams celestial light.

3 Now living waters flow
To cheer the humble soul;
From sea to sea the rivers go,
And bless where'er they roll.

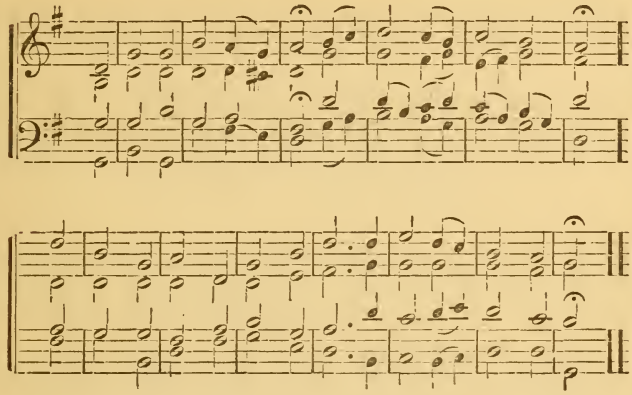
4 Jesus shall rule alone,
The world shall hear his Word;
By one blest name shall he be known,
The universal Lord. V.

The Holy City.

79 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead:
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall sin's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 The Lord on high has heard thy prayer:
His hand thy ruin shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace. H.

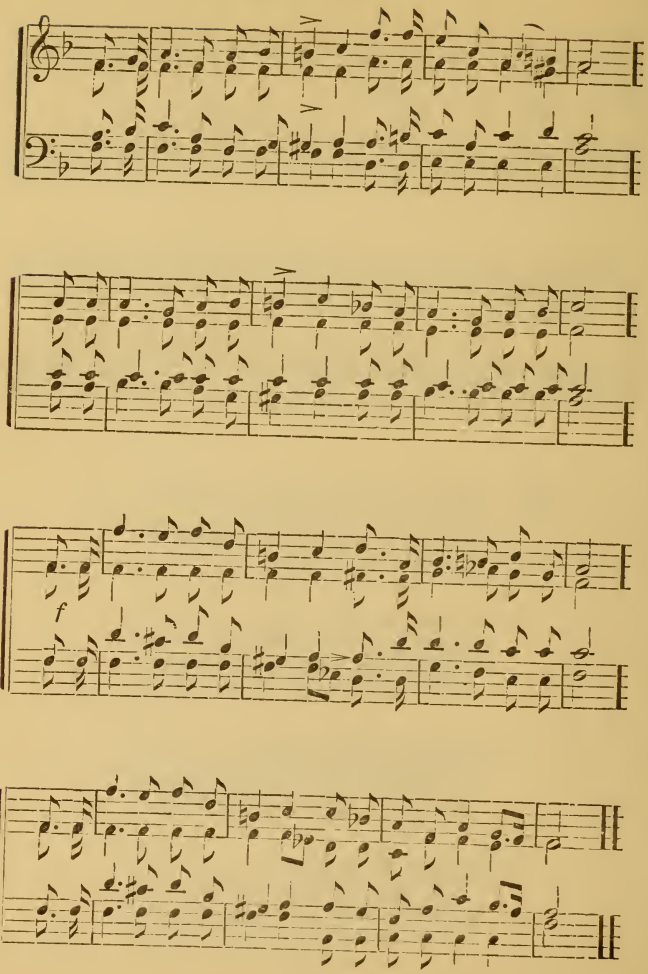


80 BUILT by th' Almighty's hand,
The holy city see:
Its happy gates wide open stand:
To enter all are free.

2 One bright, eternal day
Shall in the city reign,
Darkness and death are fled away,
Ne'er to return again.

3 O blessed, happy state!
O Lord, we thankful come,
Low at thy footstool humbly wait,
And make thy church our home.

4 Jerusalem shall be
Our peaceful, blest abode;
Here will we love and worship thee,
Our Saviour and our God. V.


f

81 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can not be broken
Formed thee for his own abode;
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst t' assuage?
Blessings which, like God, the giver,
Never fail, from age to age. VIII.

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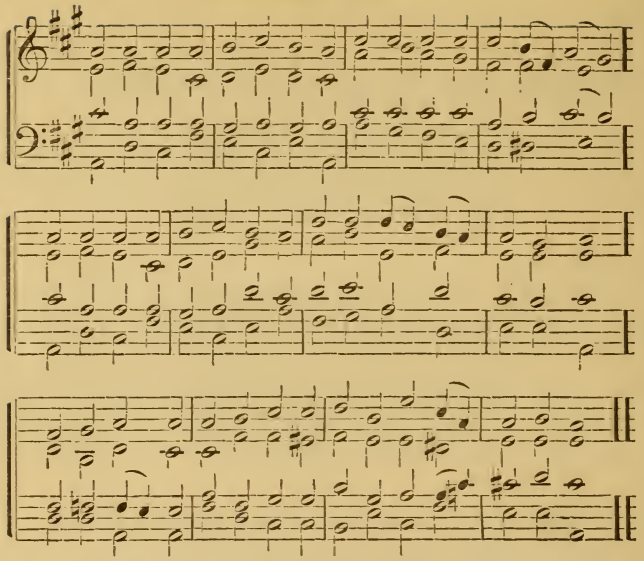
82 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

2 Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light. VIII.

The Holy City.



83 LIGHT'S abode, celestial Salem,
Vision dear whence peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the highest King,
O how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the prophets sing.

2 Thou with beauteous stones and polished,
Wondrously art reared on high,
Thou with precious gems and crystal,
Decorated gloriously;
And with pearls thy portals glitter,
And with gold thy streets may vie.

3 There forever and forever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

4 Now, O man, with zeal and gladness
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these, thy labors,
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with joy may'st be arrayed.

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84 BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones art builded
In the height of heaven above,
And, with angel hosts encircled,
As a bride to earth dost move.

2 From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for him whose love espoused thee,
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashioned.

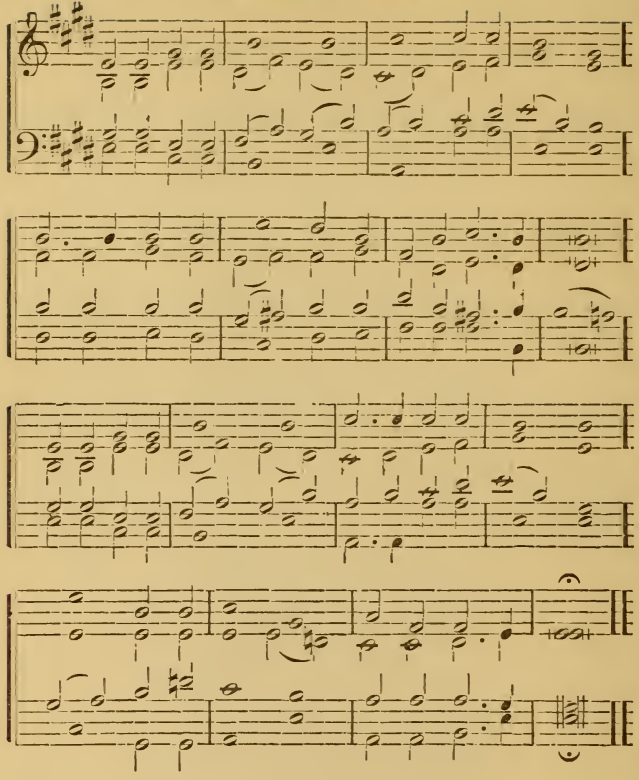
The two following verses shall be sung only at the dedication of a church.

3 Come thou now, and be among us,
Lord and Maker, while we pray;
Let thy presence fill the temple
Which we dedicate to-day,
And thyself, its consecrator,
Dwell within its walls alway.

4 Grant that all thy faithful people
May thy truer temple be;
Neither flesh, nor soul, nor spirit,
Know no other Lord than thee;
But to thee once dedicated,
Serve thee everlastingly.

The Doxology.

Glory to thy Royal Bridegroom,
Salem, sing rejoicingly;
He, thy Lord, thy Light, thy Temple,
Dwelleth evermore with thee;
His be blessing and thanksgiving,
Now and to eternity.

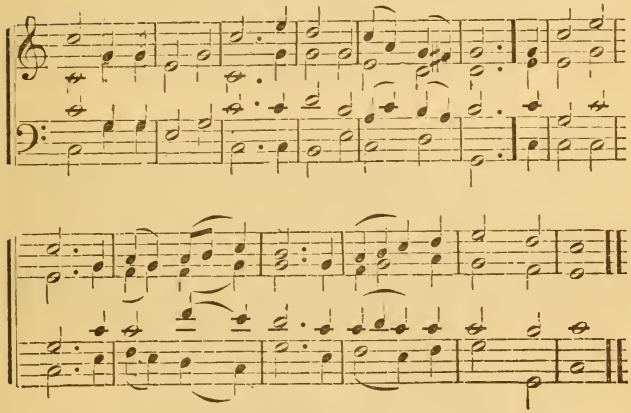


85 HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee:
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty;
Father and Saviour, glory be to thee.

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy: There is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty;
Father and Saviour, glory be to thee.

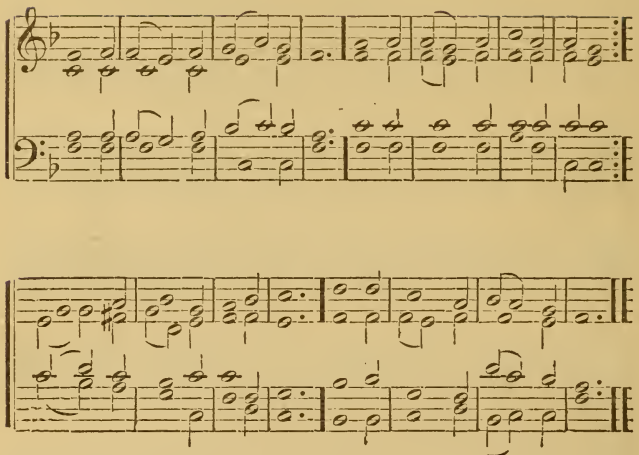


86 JESUS triumphant reigns;
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfill his word.

2 In Sion stands his throne;
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

3 His name shall be adored
Through earth's rejoicing lands:
Great is his mercy, sure his word,
His truth forever stands.

4 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Him will we worship, him alone,
With angel hosts on high. V.



87 THEE we praise, eternal Lord,
Thee our only God confessing,
In all earth and heaven adored,
Father of unending blessing:
All th' angelic powers on high
Loud to thee their praises cry.

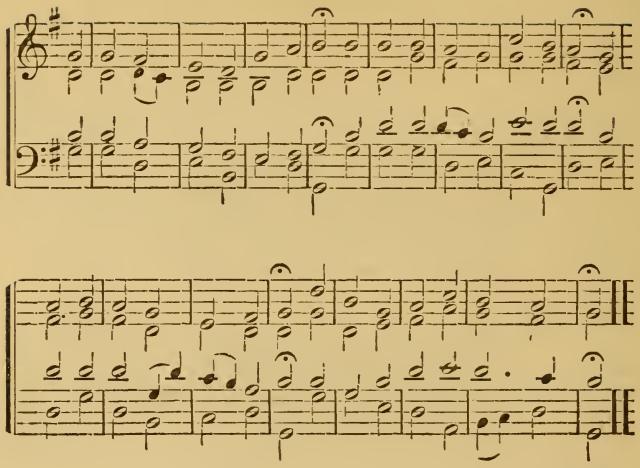
2 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Earth and heaven declare thy glory:
With thy saints in sweet accord
Sings the Church the blessed story
Of th' eternal Trinity
Unto man made known in thee.

3 Word eternal! ere the birth
Of all worlds, forever reigning,
Meekly coming down to earth,
Nor the Virgin's womb disdaining—
In thy godly might alone
Thou hast all our foes o'erthrown.

4 Thou art risen again on high,
Open stand the gates of heaven;
Still unto thy people nigh,
While they strive as thou hast striven
Thou to every faithful heart
Dost thy heavenly aid impart.

5 Lord, thy trusting people save,
Heaven's graces on them shower;
Light and hope beyond the grave,
Safety from the demon's power,
Bless their years of earthly strife
With the crown of endless life.

6 Lord and Father, may thy grace
Rule our hearts where sin abounded
All our hope in thee we place,
Let us never be confounded;
Dearest God! we trust in thee
Now and for eternity.



88 TO Jesus Christ be glory given
By all on earth, by all in heaven!
Let his dominion wide extend,
His glorious kingdom have no end!

2 For he of all that's good and true
Is Alpha, and Omega too;
The Fount of Life, the Source of Light,
The Spring of every true delight.

3 Beginning, Ending — God and Man!
His inmost Being none can scan;
But in his Human Form Divine
The First and Last united shine.

4 Who is, who was, who is to come —
Th' Eternal, Infinite, I Am!
The Lord Almighty — God most high!
Amen! let heaven and earth reply.

89 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth dwells in thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

---

90 WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

2 The Lord is God; the Lord alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

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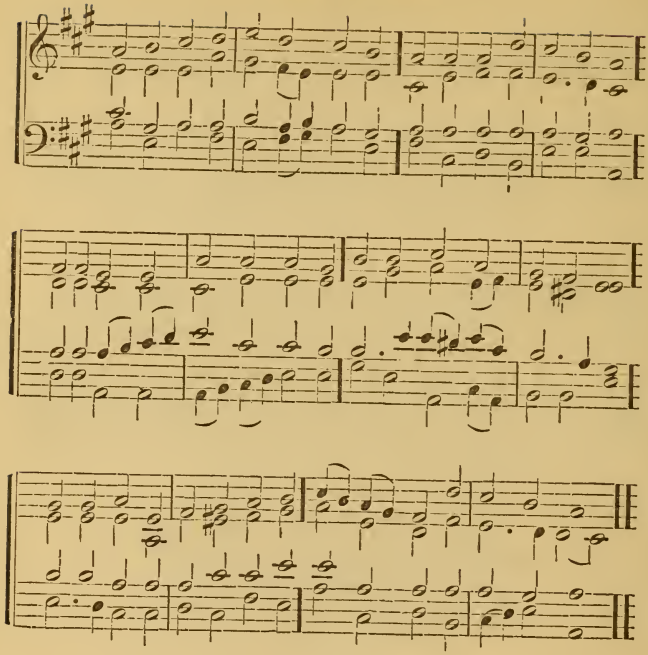
91 BE thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 Thy praises, Lord, we will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Doxology.

To thee, O Jesus Christ, we raise
Our noblest songs of thanks and praise;
Be every-where thy name confessed,
God over all forever blest.



92 PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

3 Father-like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet his mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore him!
Ye behold him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before him
Gathered in from every race;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace

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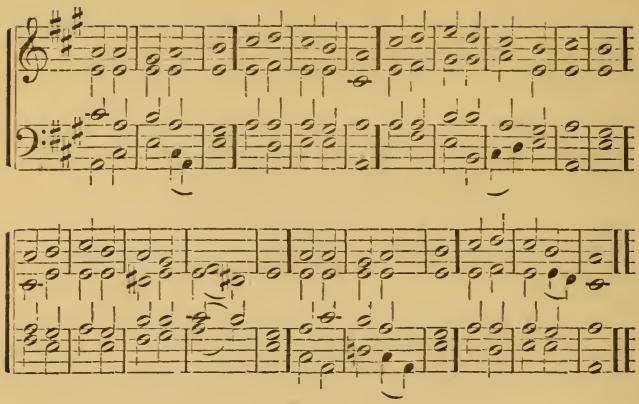
93 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens adore him.
Praise him, angels, in the height!
Sun and moon rejoice before him,
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Earth and heaven, your songs unite.

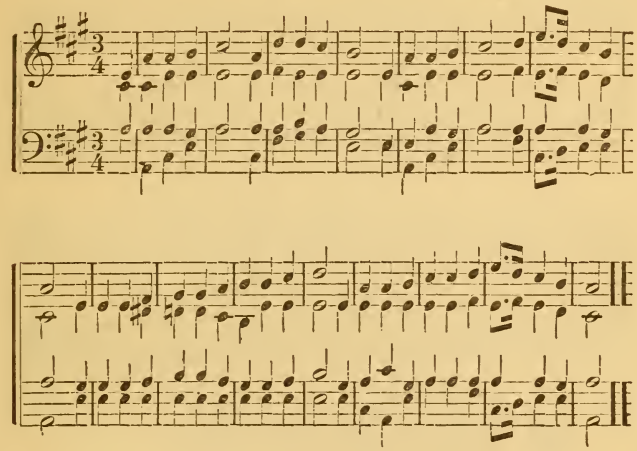
2 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious!
He hath put our foes to shame;
Over death and hell victorious,
Hosts on high his power proclaim.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Laud and magnify his name.



94 FATHER, throned on high,
Yet to mortals nigh!
While the hosts of heaven adore thee,
We on earth fall down before thee,
And with rapture raise
Songs of love and praise.

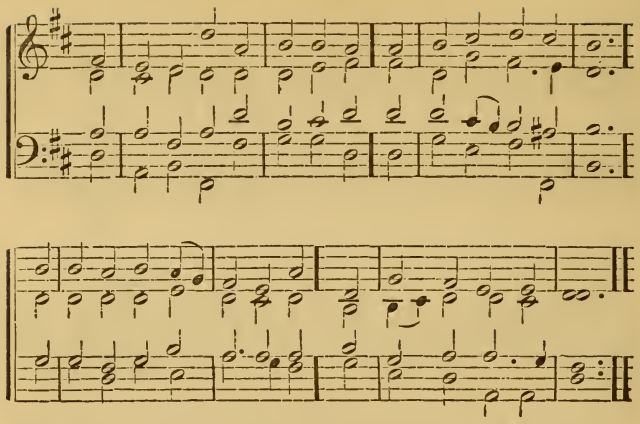
2 O eternal Word,
Our incarnate Lord!
We to thee thanksgiving render,
Thee, thy church's strong defender,
And as monarch own
None but thee alone.

3 Blessed be thy name,
Jesus Christ!—the same
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
What from thee our souls shall sever,
While we hear thy voice,
And in thee rejoice?

4 Lord, thy word is light;
Led by it aright;
When a pilgrim, like our fathers,
Life's last shadow round us gathers,
May its brightening ray
Shine to perfect day.

95 O PRAISE ye the Lord! prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In God our Redeemer let Israel rejoice
And children of Zion be glad in their King.

2 From bondage of hell redeemed by his might,
Rejoice in his grace, his love and his light;
For us in his mansion he maketh a place,
And with his salvation the humble will bless.

3 Then worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing his power and his love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.



96 JESU, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesu's name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesu, our only Joy be thou,
As thou our Prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now
And through eternity.

97 O JESU, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesu, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know
And all we can desire.

4 Jesu, may all confess thy name,
Thy wondrous love adore;
And, seeking thee, themselves inflame
To seek thee more and more.

5 Thee, Jesu, may our voices bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own. IV.

---

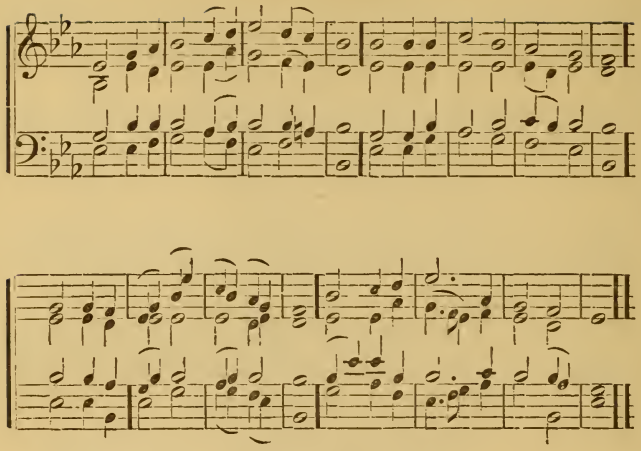
98 O JESU, thou the Beauty art
Of angel-worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Inflaming it with love.

2 Celestial sweetness unalloyed!
Who eat thee, hunger still;
Who drink of thee still feel a void,
Which naught but thou can fill.

3 O most sweet Jesu, hear the sighs
Which unto thee we send;
To thee our inmost spirit cries,
To thee our prayers ascend.

4 Abide with us, and let thy light
Shine, Lord, on every heart;
Dispel the darkness of our night,
And joy to all impart.

5 Jesu, our Love and Joy, to thee,
The Father, Spirit, Son,
All might and praise and glory be
While endless ages run.

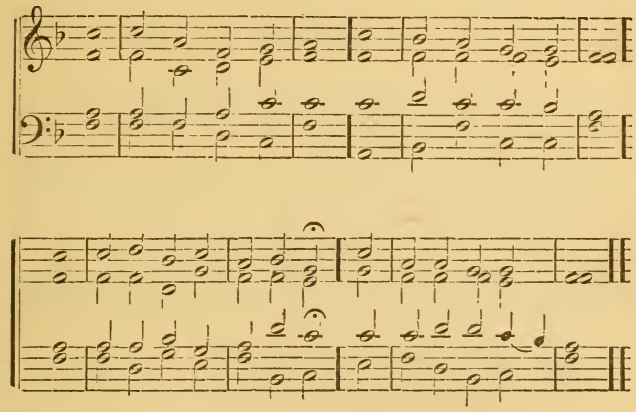


99 JESUS, in thee our hopes shall rest,
Fountain of peace, and joy, and love;
Be thy great name on earth confessed,
As by the hosts of heaven above.

2 Thine is all wisdom, thine alone:
Mercy and truth before thee stand:
Justice and judgment form thy throne,
And love divine impels thy hand.

3 No other can thy honors claim,
Or join in thy redeeming care;
No rival bear thy sacred name;
No equal in thy glory share.

4 Worship to thee alone belongs;
Worship to thee alone we give:
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
O Lord, in whom alone we live. I

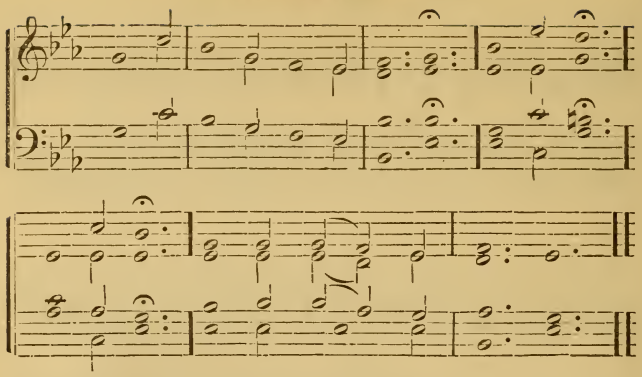


100 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 Come, and obey his voice;
Come, and receive his grace;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And seek your Father's face. V.



101 SAVIOUR and Regenerator!
Thee alone, God we own,
Father and Creator.

2 Word Incarnate we adore thee!
Hosts above, God of love,
Cast their crowns before thee.

3 Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
One in thee, Lord, we see,
Who thy grace inherit.

4 May thy Word be our Instructor,
Night and day, on our way,
Our divine conductor!

5 Visit us with thy salvation
Let thy care still be near,
Round our habitation.

6 Jesus our divine Protector,
Guide us still, let thy will
Be our sole director!

PART II.

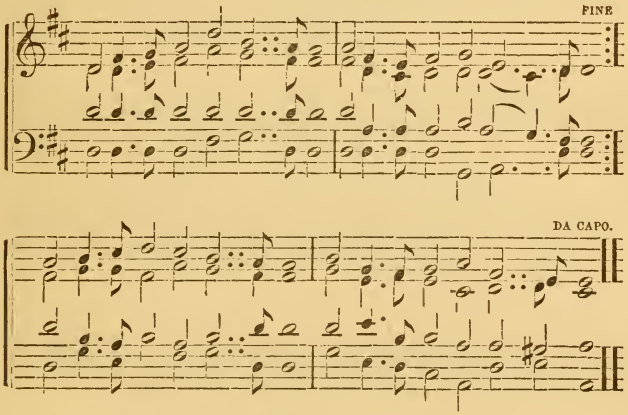
BLESSED Lord, what shall we render
To thy Name, still the same,
Gracious, good and tender!

2 Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of the food, truly good,
Nourish us forever!

Children's Hymn.

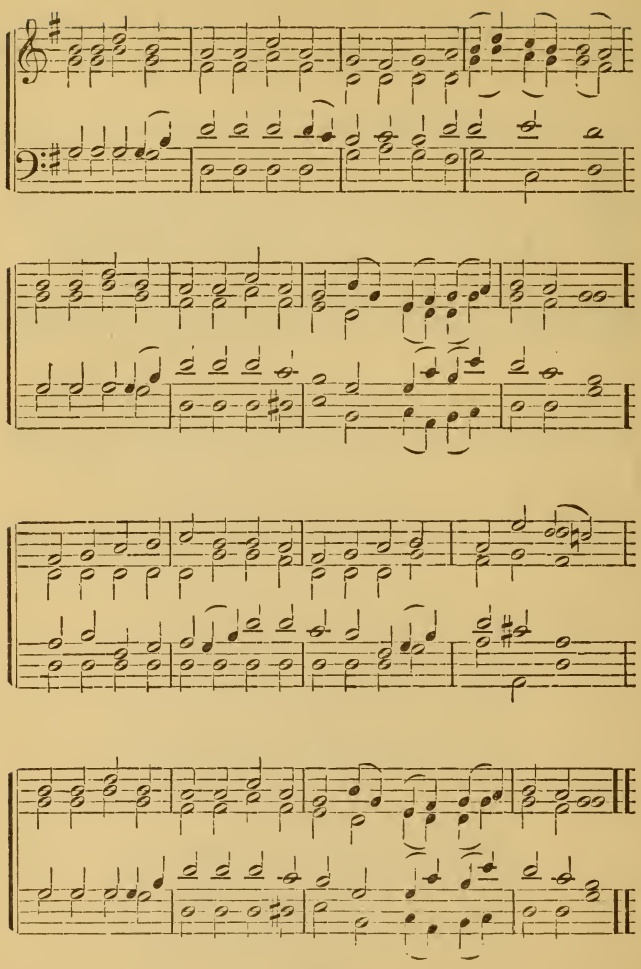
3 Glory, honor, thanks and blessing,
Will we give, while we live,
Never, never ceasing.

4 Thee in glory, great Jehovah,
May we see, and to thee
Raise the Alleluia!



102 TO God, the Father, Spirit, Son,
In soul and mind and person one.
Be glory, praise, and service given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.
Jesus, our Lord, we praise in thee
The ever-blessed Trinity;
And while before thy throne we fall,
We own thee God and Lord of all.

2 In childhood's blissful days descend,
Inspire us for our being's end;
And when our outward nature dies,
Own us thy children in the skies.
To thee our morning song of praise,
To thee our evening prayer we raise:
Thy glory, suppliant, we adore
Forever and for evermore.



103 JESUS, Lord of all creation,
Pure, unbounded love thou art:
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every waiting heart.
Breathe, O breathe thy Holy Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.

2 Finish, now, thy new creation;
From our sins O set us free:
May we find thy great salvation
Come, with healing power, from thee.
Lord, we would on earth adore thee,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise. VIII.

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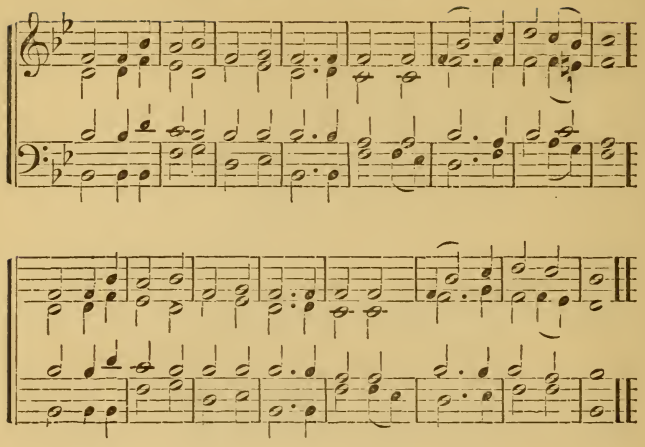
104 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come and, by thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.
Come, thou all-renewing Spirit,
Ev'ry burdened soul release;
Let us here thy grace inherit,
And in heaven thy perfect peace. VIII.



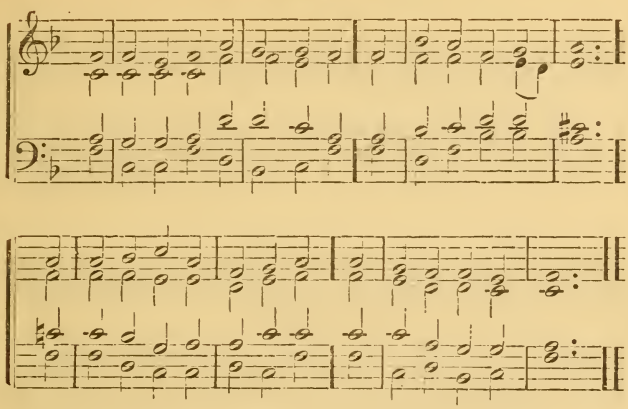
105 GOD is the refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God:
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, thy holy Word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her Saviour's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power. II.



106 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

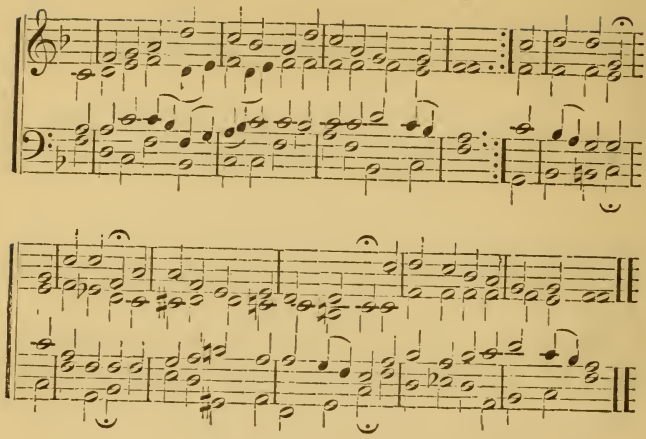
2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The moon above, the church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown his holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around his seat
Perform their courses still.

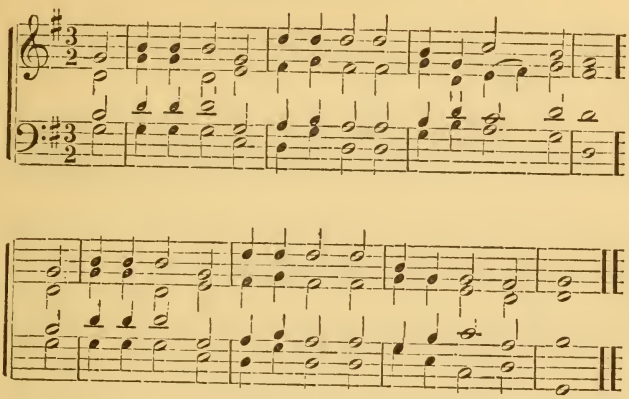
6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.



107 THY Word, O Lord, like gentle dews
Falls soft on hearts that pine;
Lord, to thy garden ne'er refuse
This heavenly balm of thine.
Refreshed by thee, let every tree
Bud forth and blossom to thy praise,
And bear much fruit in after days.

2 Thy Word is like a flaming sword,
A wedge that cleaveth stone;
Keen as a fire, so burns thy Word,
And pierceth flesh and bone.
O send it forth, o'er all the earth,
To scatter all the night of sin,
The darkened heart to cleanse and win.

3 Thy Word, O Lord, a guiding star,
On pilgrim hearts doth rise;
Leads those to thee who dwell afar,
And makes the simple wise.
Let not its light e'er sink in night,
But still in every spirit shine,
That none may miss thy light divine.



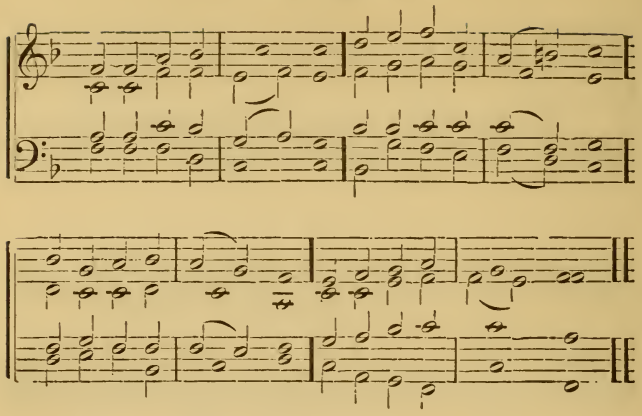
108 HOW shall we celebrate thy love,
Thou ever-blessed Lord,
For all thy mercies from above,
But chiefly for thy Word?

2 Goodness and truth are now displayed
In their own heavenly light:
Thy holy Word is open laid
To our astonished sight.

3 'Tis ours to walk in light divine,
Through all our happy road:
The beams of truth around us shine,
And lead to thine abode.

4 Blest day of heavenly light and heat,
Of sacred truth and love!
Now we may run, with cheerful feet,
To realms of bliss above

IV.



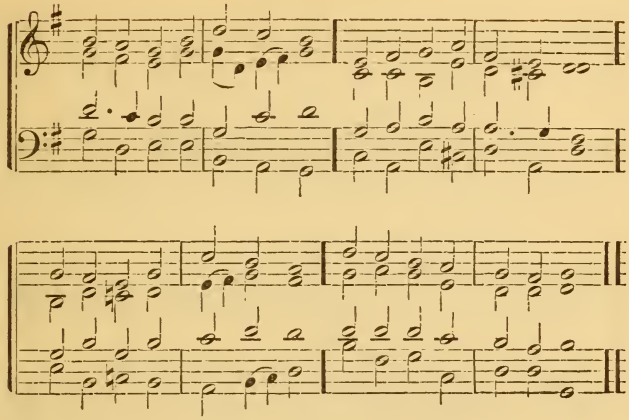
109 LORD, thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

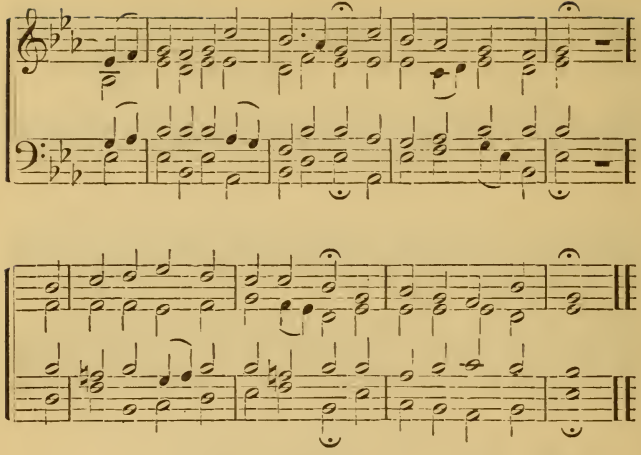
6 Oh that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear thee,
Evermore be near thee!

110 DAY by day the manna fell;
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

2 Day by day the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to day!

3 Lord, our times are in thy hand;
All our sanguine hopes have plann'd,
To thy wisdom we resign,
And would mold our wills to thine.

4 Thou our daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee we live:
So shall added years fulfill
Not our own, our Father's will.

5 O to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer;
Strong by faith, with mind subdued,
Glowing yet with gratitude.



111 WHEN all thy mercies, gracious Lord,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Thy Providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When in the silent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breast.

3 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

4 While in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe
From childhood up to man.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in happier worlds,
The glorious theme renew. IV.

112 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

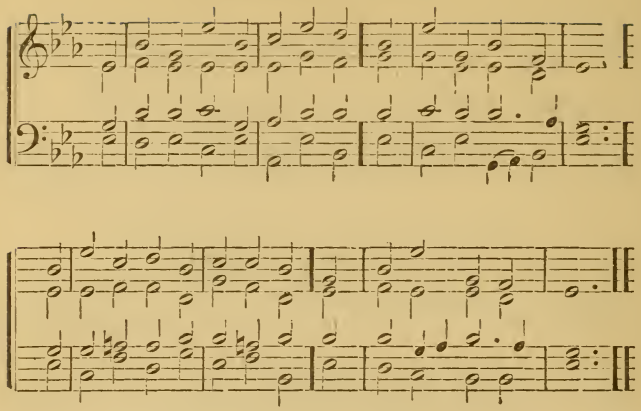
2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart shall rest on thee. IV.



113 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

3 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

4 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain. IV.

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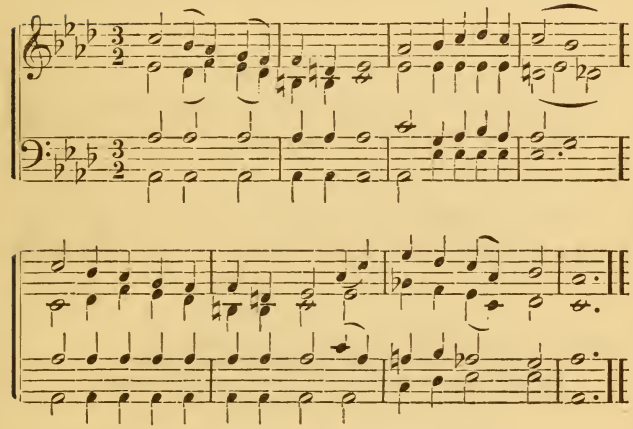
114 GOD, my supporter, and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

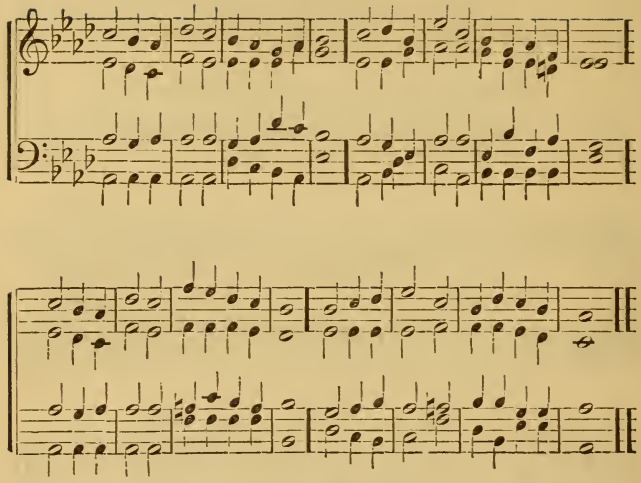
3 Then to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy. IV.



115 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd, and my guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore,
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more. V.

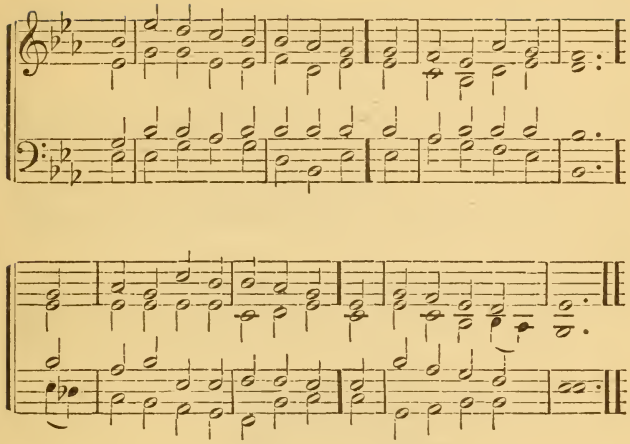


116 IN boundless mercy, gracious Lord appear,
Darkness dispel, the humble mourner cheer;
Vain thoughts remove, melt down the flinty heart,
Draw every soul to choose the better part.

2 Thy presence fills the universal space,
Thy grace appears to all the human race;
Oh! visit us with light and life divine,
Fill every soul,—for every soul is thine.

3 The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my love:
He is my King: from him I would not move.
Hence earthly charms! far, far from me depart,
Nor seek to draw from my dear Lord my heart.

4 That uncreated beauty, which has gained
My ravished heart, has all my glory stained:
His loveliness my soul has prepossessed,
And left no room for any other guest.

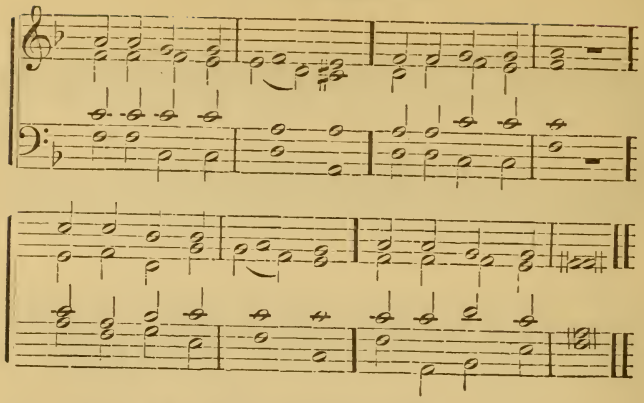


117 O KING of kings, beneath thy wings
My soul would still repose;
My refuge sure my strength secure.
Against surrounding foes!

2 Thy wondrous ways to grateful praise,
Shall move my heart and tongue;
By hosts above thy deeds of love,
In joyful notes are sung.

3 May I proclaim thy sacred name,
By living, Lord, to thee!
Then shall I rise above the skies,
And thy perfections see.

4 O who can tell what glories dwell,
Around the eternal throne!
There joys divine, that ne'er decline,
Are by the righteous known. IV.



118 O LET him, whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

2 Where the mourner, weeping,
Sheds the secret tear,
God his watch is keeping,
Though none else is near.

3 God will never leave thee;
All thy wants he knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

4 Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

5 All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know

6 Jesu, Holy Saviour,
In the realms above
Crown us with thy favor,
Fill us with thy love.

119 IN the hour of trial,
Saviour, strengthen me,
Lest, by base denial,
I depart from thee.

2 When thou seest me waver,
With a look recall;
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

3 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,

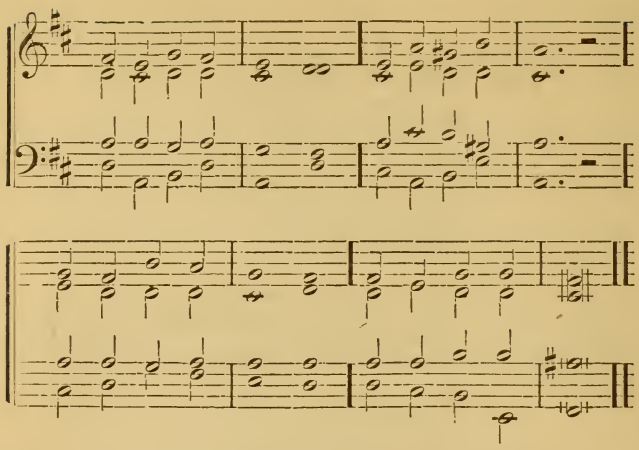
4 Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane;
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

5 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour thy benediction
On the sacrifice.

6 Then, upon thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

7 So, through joy and sorrow,
Thou my stay shalt be;
And my heart shall borrow
Strength and hope from thee.

8 On thy truth relying
Through this mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.



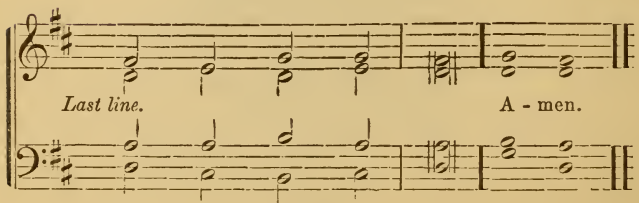
120 JESU meek and gentle,
Holy Lord most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, Holy Jesus!
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesu meek and gentle,
Holy Lord most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.



121 CAPTAIN of salvation,
Victor o'er the grave,
In our tribulation,
Come with speed to save.

2 Enemies malignant
Close around us throng;
We are few and weary,
They are fierce and strong.

3 Some, with torments dire,
Pierce the shrinking frame;
Some, with hot desire,
Set the heart aflame.

4 Some, with wiles ensnaring,
Lure us from the goal;
Some, with fears despairing,
Vex the fainting soul.

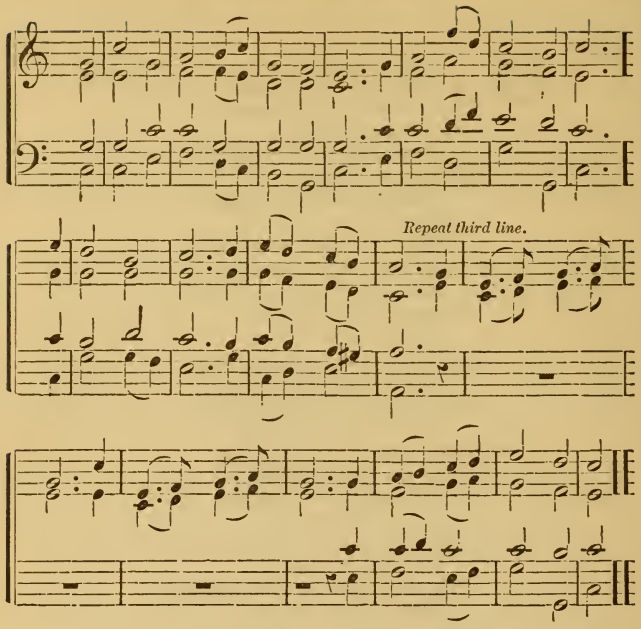
5 Thou alone canst help us
In our sore distress,
Who thyself wast tempted
In the wilderness.

6 Thou alone canst give us
Medicine to cure,
Who the thorns and scourging
Didst thyself endure.

7 Thou alone canst rout them,
Drive them back with loss,
Who didst triumph o'er them
On the saving Cross.

8 Let angelic armies
Guard us on each side,
But thyself, as leader,
First in battle ride.

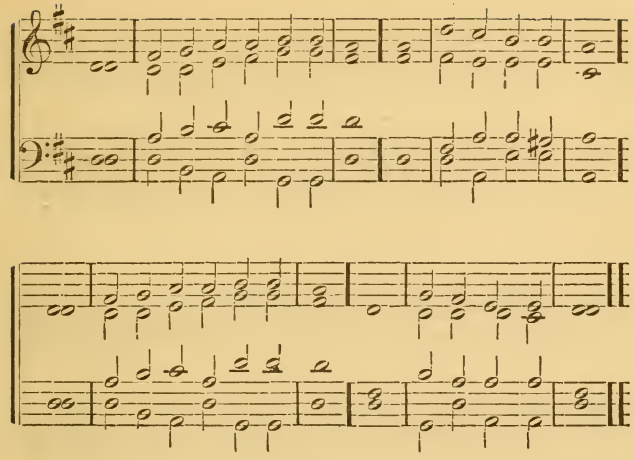
9 Thou, our strong Defender
In the time of fear,
Thou, our Shield and Helmet,
Breast-plate, Sword, and Spear.

10 Give us strength victorious
Till the strife be o'er,
Then, Christ Jesu glorious,
Peace for evermore. Amen.

122 ETERNAL Source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows;
Accept our sacrifice.

2 Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays:
Inspire our hearts with heavenly love,
And tune our lips to praise.

3 Safely conduct us, by thy truth,
Through life's perplexing road;
And bring us, when our journey's o'er,
Lord, to thine own abode.

4 For in thy presence e'er abounds
Fullness of purest joy;
At thy right hand unceasing flow
Pleasures without alloy. IV.

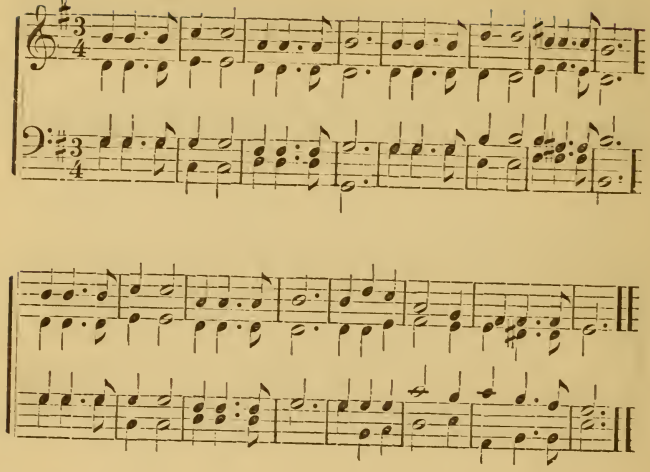


123 THE Lord our Saviour is the Way
To purity and peace;
By doctrine from his Word, he leads
To everlasting bliss.

2 The Lord our Saviour is the Truth,
The inward, shining Light,
That reason guides, and gives to faith
The evidence of sight.

3 The Lord our Saviour is the Life
Of every soul that lives;
And everlasting life, to those
Who keep his Word, he gives.

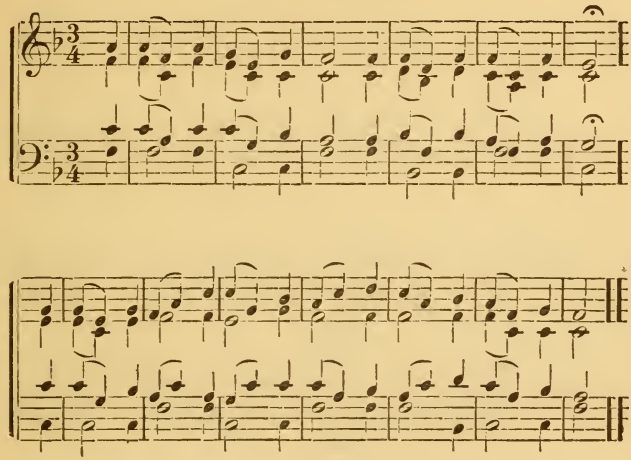
4 Jesus, my Way, my Truth, my Life
My God, my All in all;
At thy blest feet, in humble love,
And lowly fear, I fall.



124 REST of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad;
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend!

2 Pillow where lying
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead:
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend!

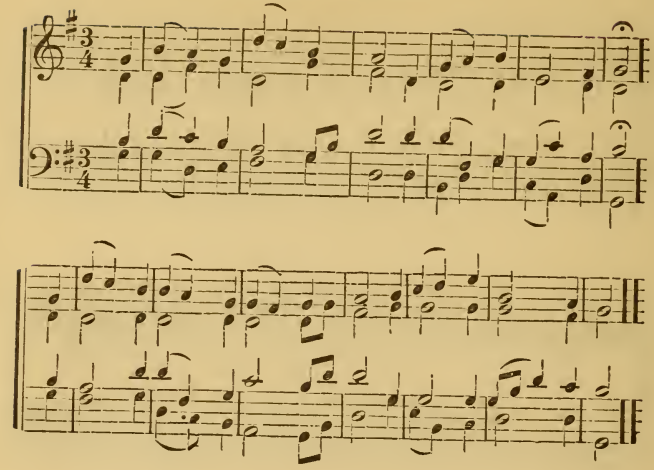
3 When my feet stumble,
To thee I'll cry,
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high;
When my steps wander
Over me bend
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend!

4 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto thee blessing,
Glory and praise:
All my endeavor,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend.

125 HOW gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are;
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide,
His people safely dwell;
The hand which bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
O seek your heavenly Father's throne
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.



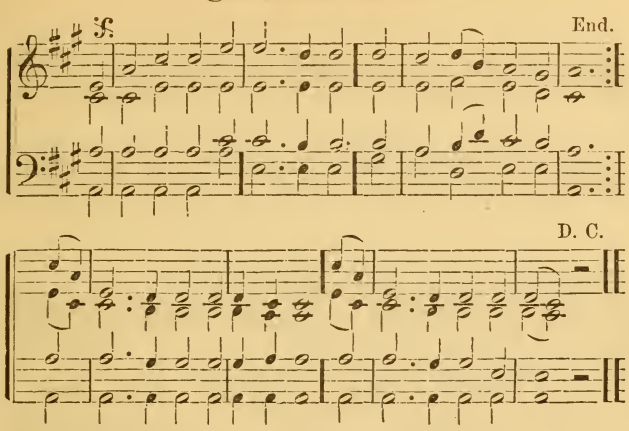
126 TO God I lift my eyes;
My trust is in his name;
And they whose hope on him relies
Shall never suffer shame.

2 From the first dawning light,
Till the dark evening shade,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
And ask thy heavenly aid.

3 Through all the ways of God,
Both truth and mercy shine,
To those who with religious heart
To his blest will incline.

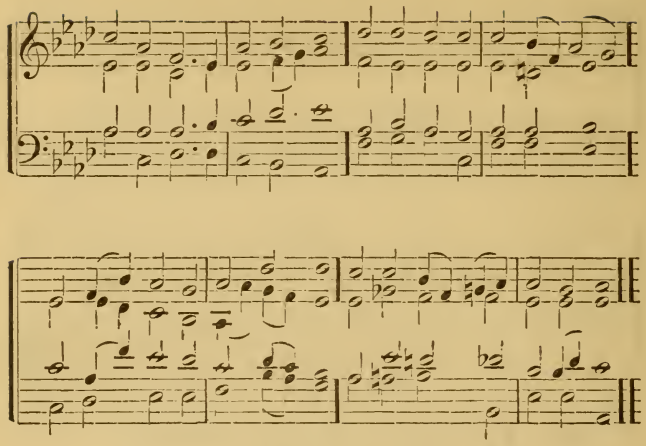
4 He those in safety guides
Who his direction seek;
And in his sacred paths will lead
The humble and the meek.

5 So will I still abide,
Nor from my hope remove;
Till he my patient spirit guide
Into his perfect love.

V.

127 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.
If trials sore obstruct my way
And ills I can not flee,
Then let my strength be as my day,
Good Lord, remember me!

2 Whene'er distressed by pain or grief
Thine eye my frame shall see,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,
In love remember me.
When on my restless, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Let thy salvation peace impart,
Good Lord, remember me!

3 If on my face, for thy dear Name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me!
And oh, when in the hour of death
I bow to thy decree,
And yield to thee my parting breath,
Good Lord, remember me!

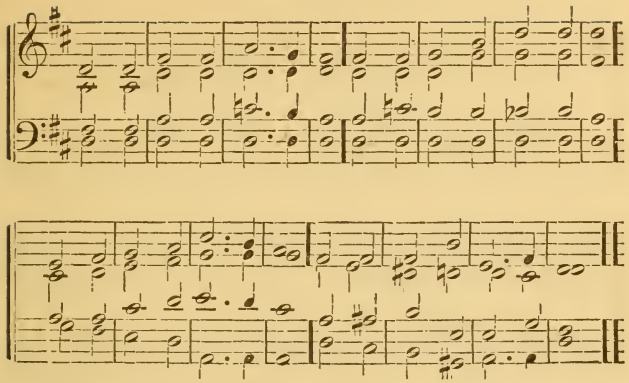


128 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;

2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

3 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:

4 All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing. VI.



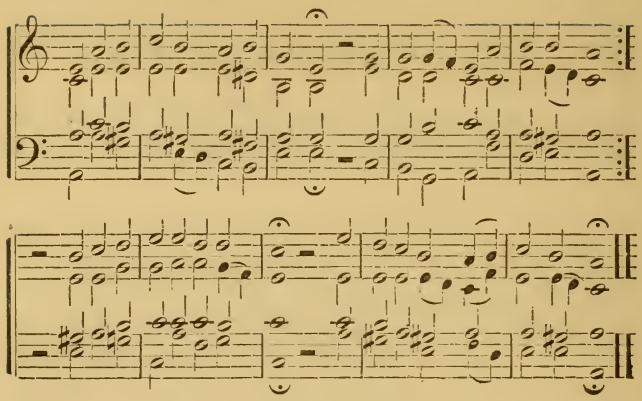
129 WHERE for safety shall I fly?
Saviour, unto thee I cry.
Dangers every-where attend,
Let thine arm my soul defend.

2 Round me troops of foes I see,
Help can come from none but thee;
Be my constant strength and stay,
Guard me in the evil day!

3 Thy protecting care I crave,
Power is thine, O Lord, to save;
Matchless wonders thou hast wrought,
Far beyond the reach of thought.

4 Let thy gracious hand impart
Strength and comfort to my heart!
Ever keep me near to thee,
Till I'm called thy face to see.

5 O that home, eternal, blest,
Where the soul shall find its rest;
Lord, till that transporting day,
Onward lead me in thy way. VI.



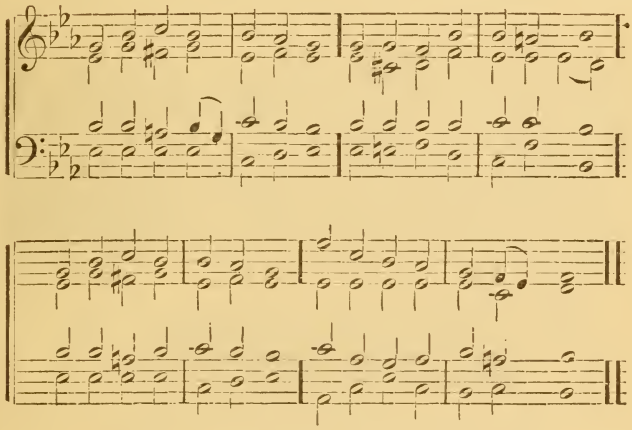
130 WHOSO in God alone confideth,
Whose hope is fixed in him always,
He 'neath th' Almighty's wing abideth
Safe and unmoved in evil days.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on a rock that none can move.

2 O man, cease from thy restless yearning,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take what his all-wise discerning,
His perfect love to thee has sent.
No doubt our inmost wants are known
To him who calleth us his own.

3 He knows when best the joyful hour,
He sends it as he sees it meet;
When thou hast proved thy spirit's power,
And art made free from all deceit,
Then comes he to thee unaware,
And makes thee own his loving care.

4 Nor in the heat of pain and striving,
Think God hath cast thee off unheard;
And that the man whose worldly thriving
Thou enviest, is of him preferred.
Great change the passing time shall bring,
And set a bound to every thing.

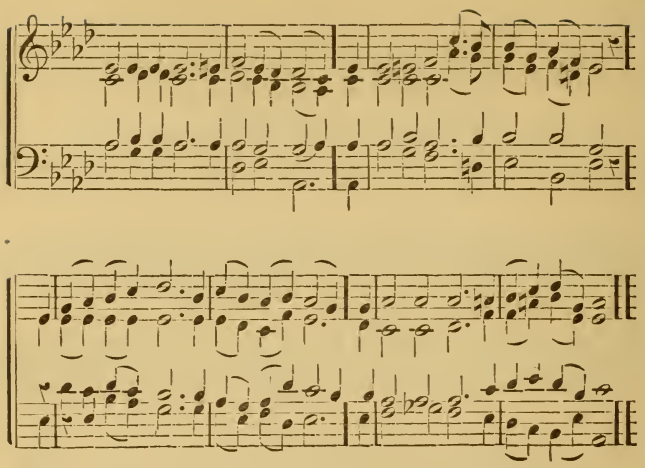
5 Sing, pray, still from his ways unswerving,
Perform thine own part faithfully,
Then of his love though undeserving,
Still shall it be fulfilled in thee.
God never yet forsook, at need,
The soul that trusted him indeed.



131 THEY who on the Lord rely
Safely dwell, though danger's nigh:
Lo, his sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.

2 Vain temptation's wily snare;
They shall be their Father's care:
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.

3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep:
Death and danger may be near;
Faith and love can never fear.

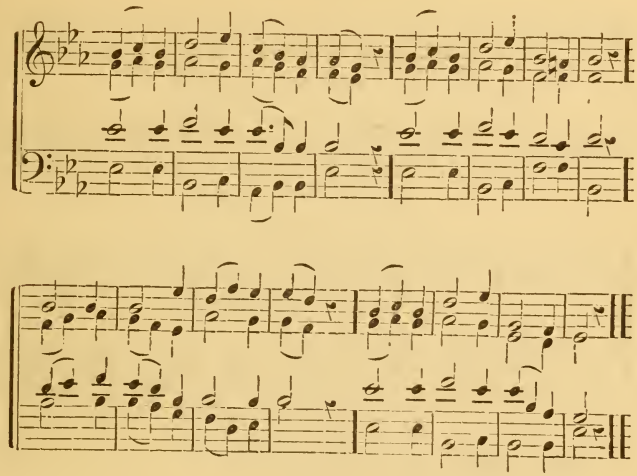


132 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills, above the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my Almighty Refuge lives!

2 He lives! the everlasting God
Who spread the heavens and earth abroad;
He slumbers not, but watchful keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

3 My soul, thy keeper is the Lord,
The God by heaven and earth adored;
Rest safe in him! his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

4 O'er thee the tempter has no power;
And in thy last departing hour,
Angels shall visit thine abode,
And bear thee homeward to thy God. H.

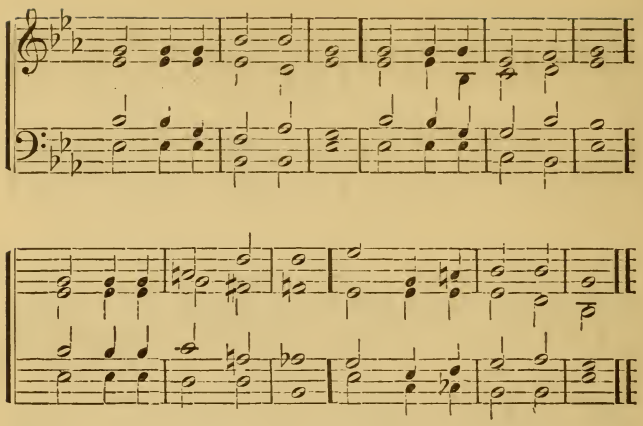


133 KEEP me, Saviour, near thy side,
Let thy counsel be my guide;
Never let me from thee rove,
Sweetly draw me by thy love.

2 Earnest thou of heavenly rest,
Comfort of the troubled breast;
Life and joy to me impart,
Take to thee my wandering heart.

3 Thou, blest Shepherd of the sheep,
Wilt thine own in safety keep;
All my doubts and fears control,
Till thy love shall make me whole.

4 Thou, O Lord, in death's dark night,
Be my hope, my strength, my light;
Thou my rock, my anchor fast,
Thou my blessed haven at last.



134 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

3 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine;
Else I must surely stray.

4 Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

5 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength
My wisdom, and my all!

135 MY spirit longs for thee
Within my troubled breast,
Unworthy though I be
Of so divine a guest.

2 Of so divine a guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest
Unless it come from thee.

3 Unless it come from thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see,
No rest is to be found.

4 No rest is to be found
But in thy blessed love;
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above!

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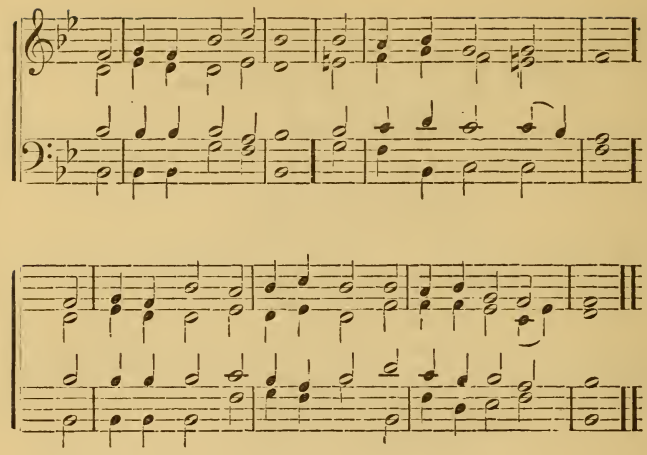
136 MY Saviour, as thou wilt,
O, may thy will be mine!
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.

2 Through sorrow, as through joy
Conduct me as thine own;
And help me still to say,
Thy will, O Lord, be done.

3 My Saviour, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee.

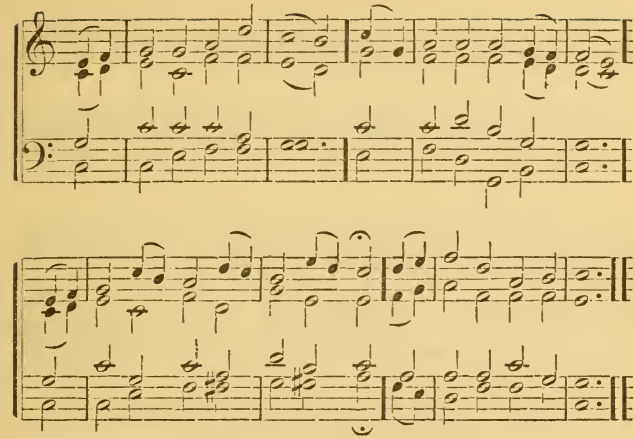
4 Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
Thy will, O Lord, be done.

137 MY spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline:
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest;
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

V.



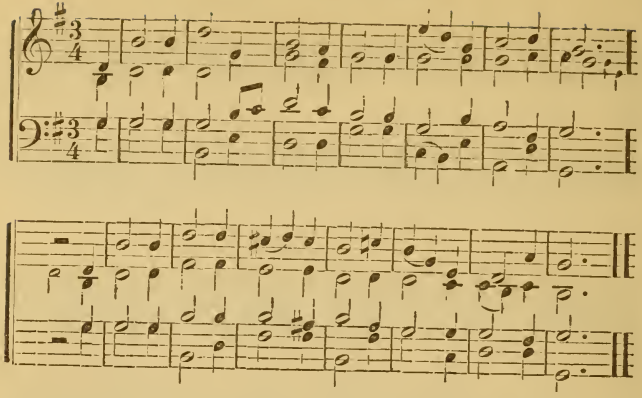
138 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands;
To his sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 He every-where has sway,
And all things serve his might:
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

3 Still heavy is thine heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

4 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own his way
How wise, how strong his hand.

5 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see!



139 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine,
O, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

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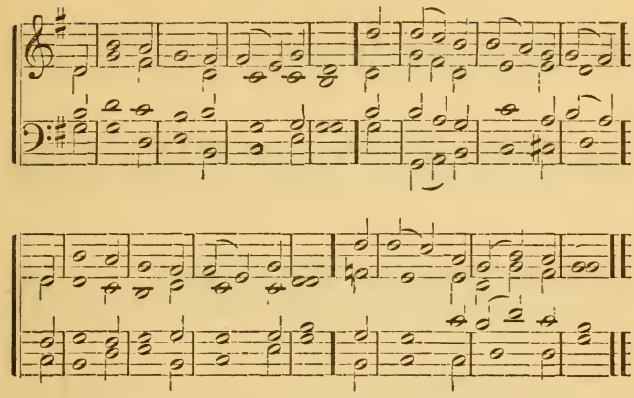
140 WHOM have we, Lord, in heaven but thee.
And whom on earth beside?
Where else for succor can we flee,
Or in whose strength confide?



2 Thou art our portion here below,
Our promised rest above;
Ne'er may our souls an object know,
So precious as thy love.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt be our guide through life,
And help and strength supply;
Sustain us in earth's final strife,
And welcome us on high. IV.

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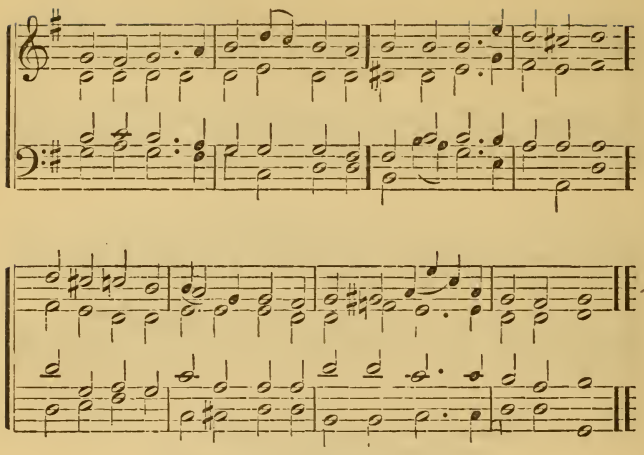
141 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy love impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 O let the hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end." IV.

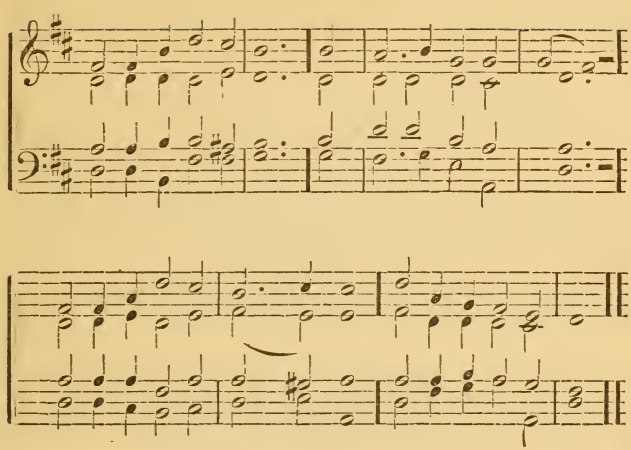


142 SAVIOUR, Source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing thy boundless love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
And, to shield my soul from danger,
Bore thyself affliction's rod.

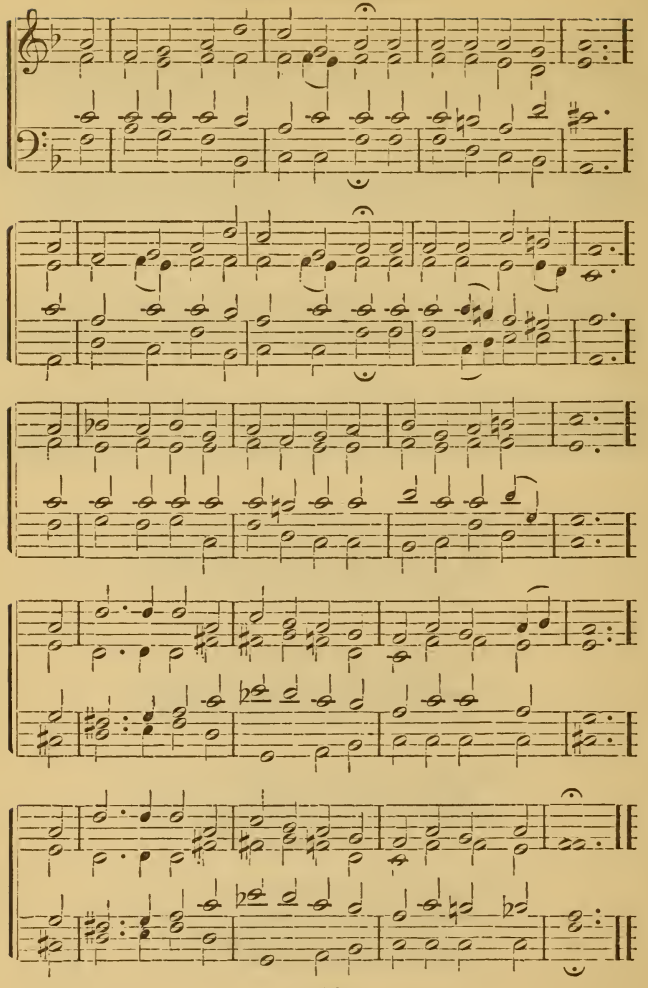
4 By thy hand redeemed, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home. IX.



143 BLEST be thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.

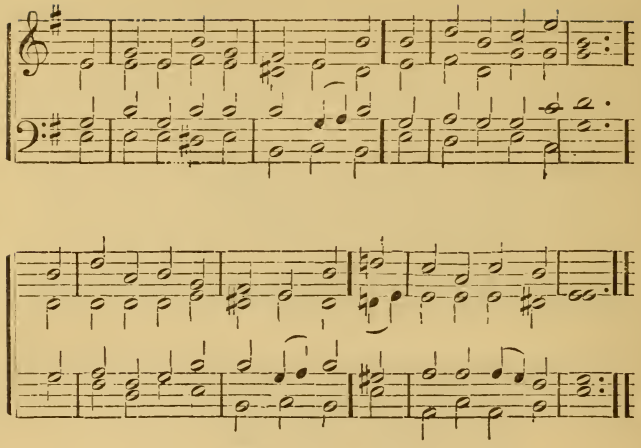
2 O thou, our soul's chief hope!
We to thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign;
By night we see as well as day
If thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be. V.

144 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
O for the pearly gates of heaven,
O for the golden floor,
O for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white,
O for a voice to praise our King
In choirs of angels bright!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
O, by thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from thy grace
Nor cast away our crown.

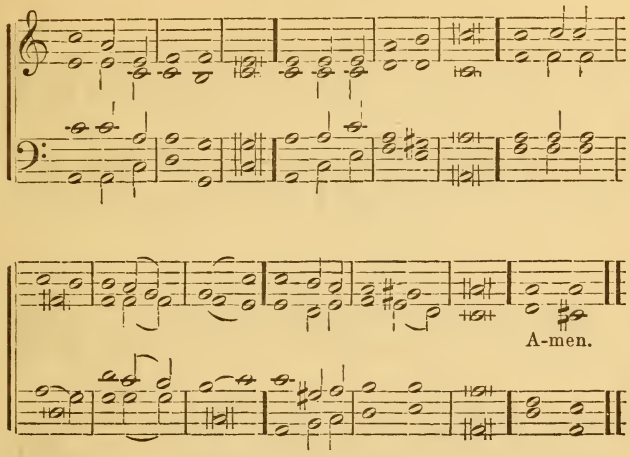


145 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

4 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his mansions rest?

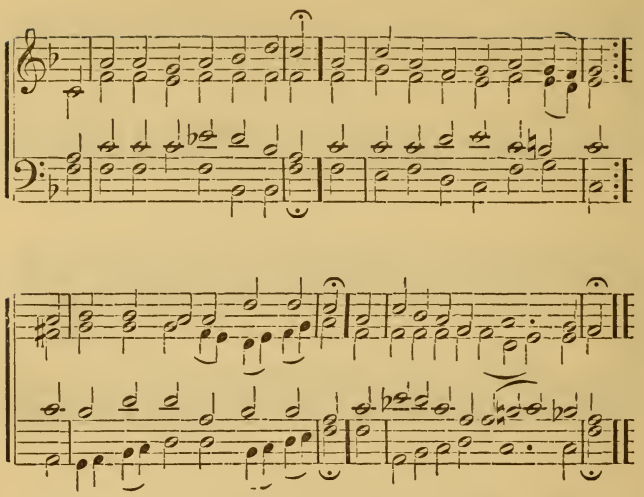


146 COME to the land of peace,
From shadows come away;
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.

2 Fear hath no dwelling here;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air
The spirit of the dove.

3 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land;
For here thy soul shall find its rest,
Amid the shining band.

4 In this divine abode
Change leaves no saddening trace;
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
Thy holy resting-place.



147 THERE is a stream whose waters rise
Amid the hills of Paradise,
Where foot of man hath never trod,
Proceeding from the throne of God;
O give me sickness here, or strife,
So may I reach that spring of life.

2 There is a rock that nigh at hand
Gives shadow in a weary land.
Who in that stricken rock hath rest,
Finds waters gushing from its breast;
O, grant me when this scene is o'er
Their lot who thirst not any more.

3 There is a people who have cast
The strife and toil away at last;
On whom—so calm their rest and sweet—
The sun lights not, nor any heat.
Give me with them at length to be,
And send me here what pleaseth thee.

4 Thou only Good! thou only Wise!
Who dost so lovingly chastise
To give more strength and add more grace—
Grant me thy spirit to embrace,
The more, the more that nature faints,
The glorious portion of thy saints.

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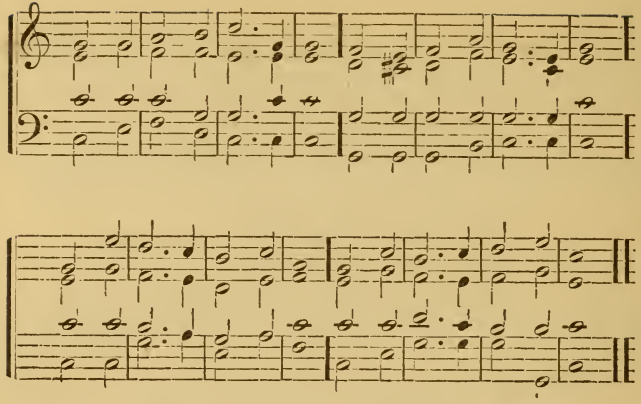
148 JESU, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of thy grace.
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore,
O make me love thee more and more.

2 Jesu, too late I thee have sought;
How can I love thee as I ought?
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy name?
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore,
O make me love thee more and more.

3 Jesu, what didst thou find in me,
That thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore,
O make me love thee more and more.

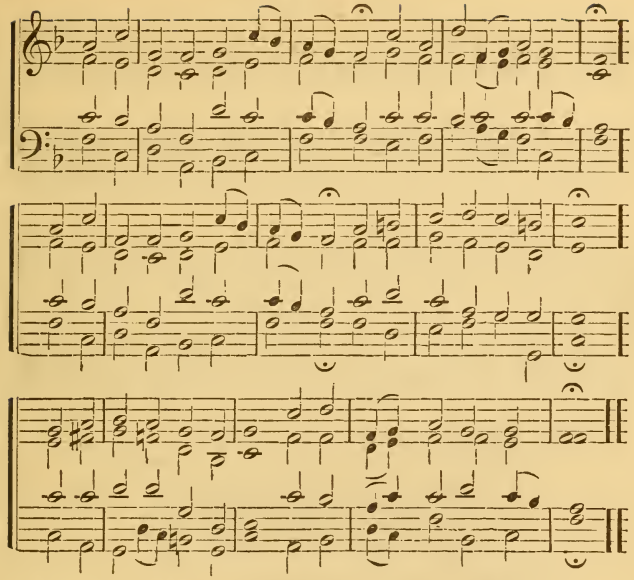
4 Jesu, of thee shall be my song,
To thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is thine,
And thou, blest Saviour, thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore,
O make me love thee more and more.



149 LO! for us the wilds are glad,
All in cheerful green arrayed;
Opening sweets they all disclose,
Bud and blossom as the rose.

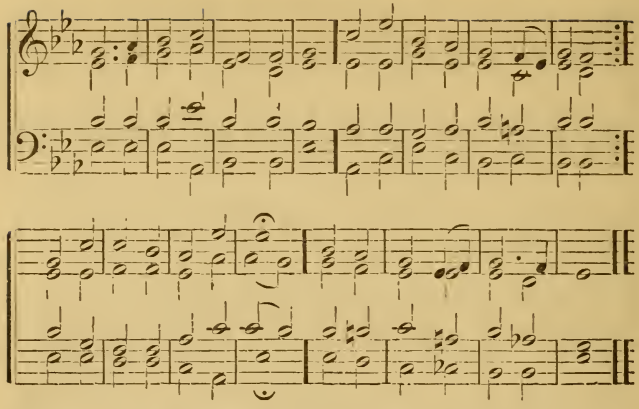
2 Hark! the wastes have found a voice;
Lonely deserts now rejoice,
Gladsome allelulas sing
To the great Almighty King.

3 Lo! abundantly they bloom:
Lebanon is hither come.
Carmel's stores the heavens dispense—
Sharon's fertile excellence.

4 May these barren wastes of ours
Bloom, and put forth fruits and flowers;
Flowers of wisdom, fruits of love,
Gifts imparted from above. VI.

150 HEAVENWARD stretch, my soul, thy pinions.
Heavenly nature canst thou claim;
There is naught in earth's dominions,
Worthy to be all thine aim.
Every soul that God inspires,
Back to him its source aspires.

2 Heavenward! is his Spirit crying,
When I hear him in his Word;
Promise blest to souls undying,
Doth its holy page record.
When his Word fills all my thought,
Oft to heaven my soul is caught.

3 Heavenward! Heavenward! ever rising,
This my watchword be on earth;
For the love of heaven despising,
Things of transitory worth.
Heavenward all my being tends,
Till in heaven my journey ends.

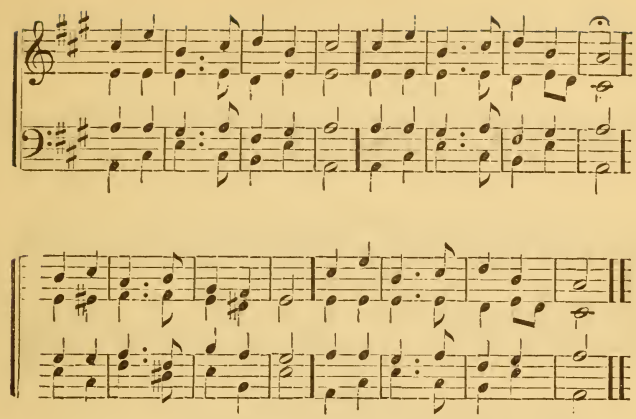


151 WILT thou not, my Shepherd, come
Here in earth's drear wilds to lead me?
In thy bosom bear me home,
In thine own green pastures feed me!
Take me, where all troubles cease,
To thy folds of joy and peace.

2 With thy flock I long to be,
With the flock to whom 'tis given
Safe to feed, from danger free,
In the happy plains of heaven:
Free from fear of sinful stain,
They can never stray again.

3 Lord! I here am sore beset,
Fears at every step confound me;
Lo! my foes have spread their net,
And with craft and might surround me;
Not one moment safe can be,
Lord, thy lamb away from thee.

4 Jesus, Lord! my shepherd true,
Oh, from wolves thy sheep deliver;
Help, as shepherds wont to do,
From their jaws preserve me ever:
Bear me homeward on thy breast,
To thy fold of endless rest.

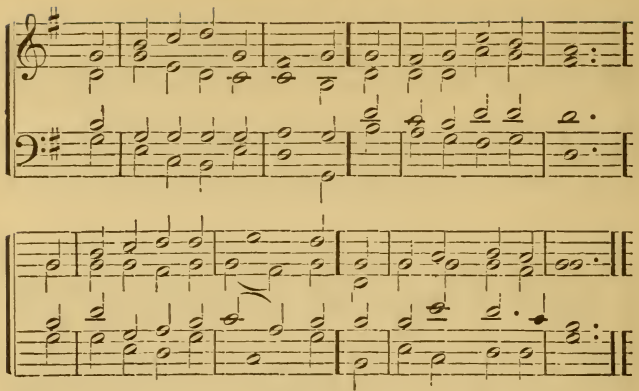


152 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
Soon you'll enter into rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward

4 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee. VL



PART I.

153 BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care:
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;

5 But he whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

6 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

153 O PEACE of all the faithful!
O calm of all the blest!
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.

2 Yes, peace! for war is over;
Yes, calm! for storm is past;
And goal from finished labor,
And anchorage at last.

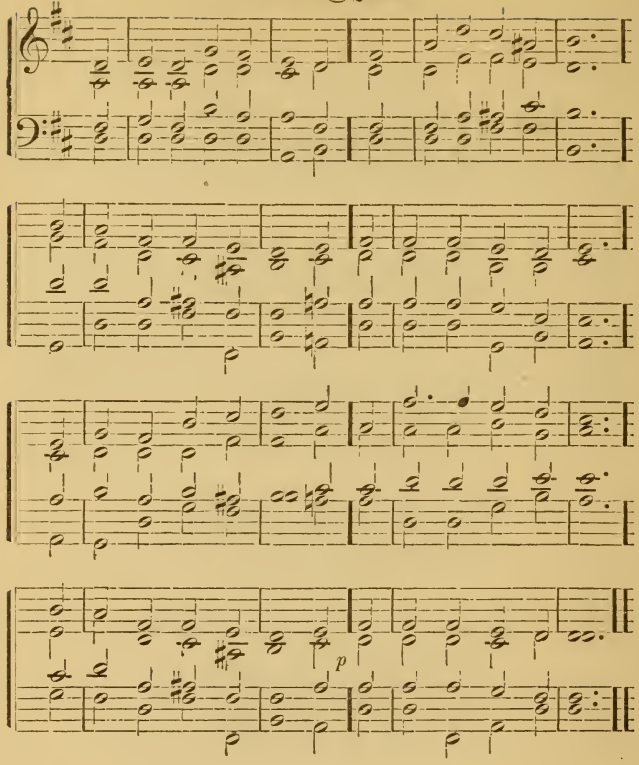
3 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest!
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!

4 Strive, man, to win that glory!
Toil, man, to gain that light!
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

The following may be sung at the end of each **Part.**

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!

Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art our heavenly Father
And Saviour ever blest.



154 PART I.

FOR thee, O dear, dear Country, mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love beholding thy happy name they weep.
The mention of thy glory is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness, and love, and life, and rest

2 O one, O only Mansion! O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished and smiles have no alloy;
With jasper glow thy bulwarks, thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz unite in thee their rays.

3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean; thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment to pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages they raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel, and thine the golden dower.

PART II.

JERUSALEM the golden! with milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, O! I know not what joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory, what bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Sion, all jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel, and all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them, the daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed are decked in glorious sheen.

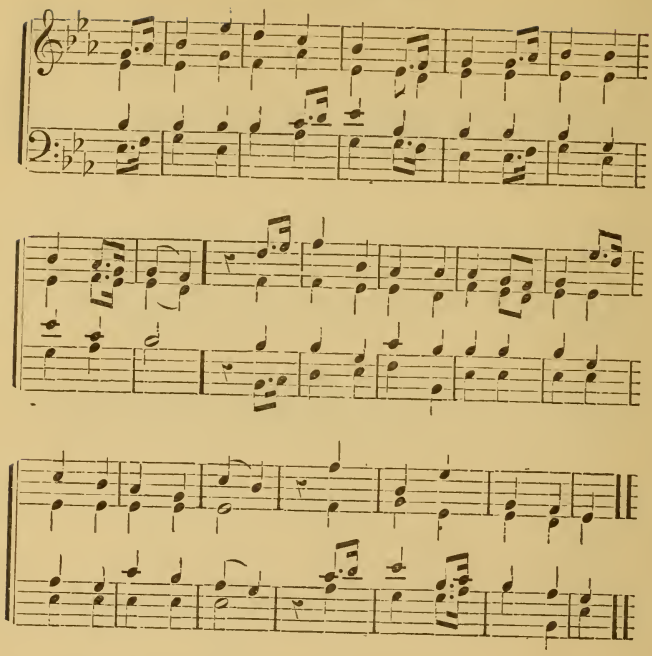
PART III.

THOU City of the angels, thou City of the Lord,
Whose everlasting music is e'er in sweet accord;
Jerusalem, exulting on that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee, and love thee evermore.

2 O fields that know no sorrow! O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers, O land of flowers, O realm and home of Life!
There, through the sacred lilies, and flowers on every side,
The happy ransomed people go wandering far and wide.

The following may be sung at the end of each Part.

O sweet and blessed country, the home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country that eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us to that dear land of rest,
Who art our heavenly Father and Saviour ever blest.



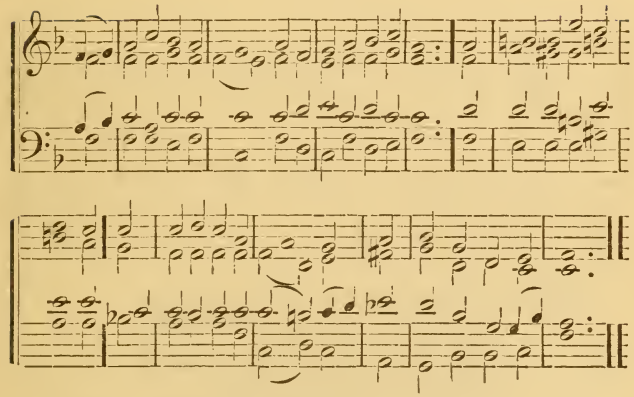
155 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

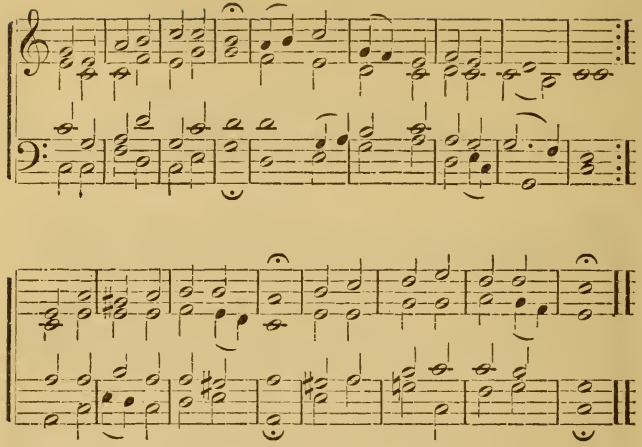
5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore. IV.



156 NO, no, it is not dying,
To go unto our God;
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking
Along the starry road.

2 No, no, it is not dying,
To hear this gracious word,
"Receive a Father's blessing,
For evermore possessing
The favor of thy Lord."

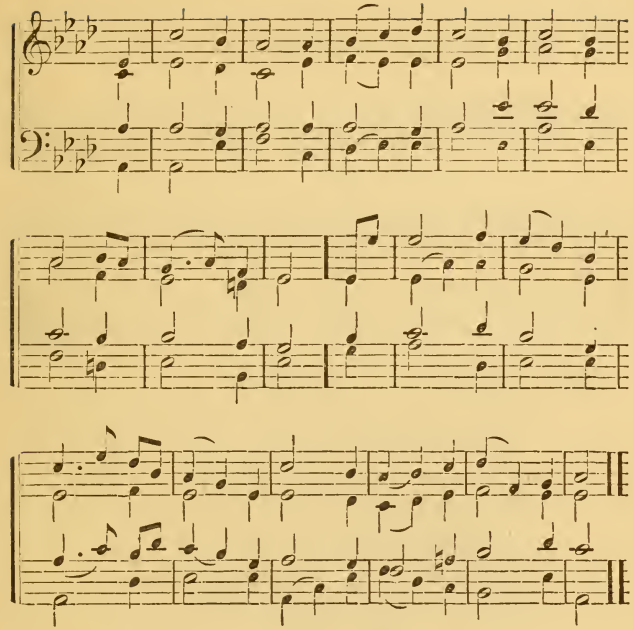
3 No, no, it is not dying,
The shepherd's voice to know.
His sheep he ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock he feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.



157 COME, thou bright and morning star
Light of light without beginning,
Shine upon us from afar,
That we may be kept from sinning;
Drive away by thy clear light
From our souls the dreary night.

2 Let thy grace, like morning dew,
Falling upon barren places,
Comfort, quicken, and renew
Our dry souls and dying graces;
Bless thy flock from thy rich store,
That we faint and thirst no more.

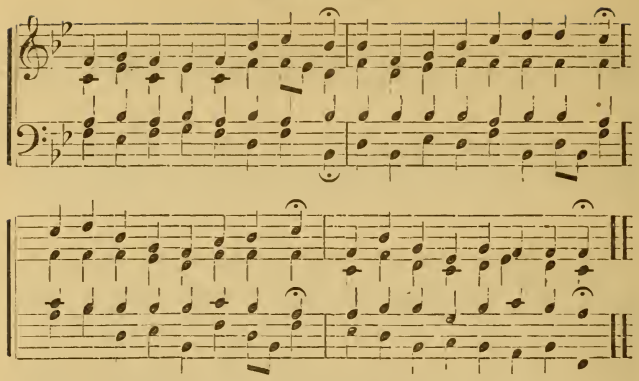
3 Light us to those heavenly spheres,
Sun of Love, in glory shrouded;
Lead us through this vale of tears,
To the land where days unclouded,
Purest joy, and perfect peace,
In thy presence never cease.



158 O LORD, how boundless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours;
Thy Sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessing from thy hands
Demand perpetual songs of praise. I.

Morning.

159 NOW that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high;
That he, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

2 Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife,
From anger's din would hide our life:
From all ill sights would turn our eyes:
Would close our ears from vanities.

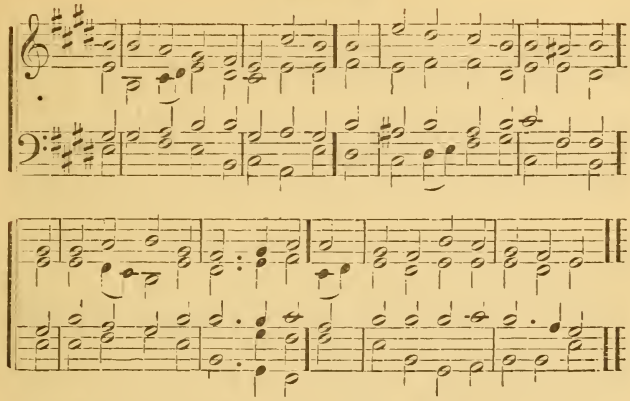
3 Would keep our inmost conscience pure,
Our souls from folly would secure;
Would bid us check the pride of sense
With due and holy abstinence.

4 So we, when this new day is gone,
And night, in turn, is drawing on,
With conscience by the world unstained,
Shall praise his name for victory gained. II.

---

160 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Glory to thee who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.



3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill. III.

---

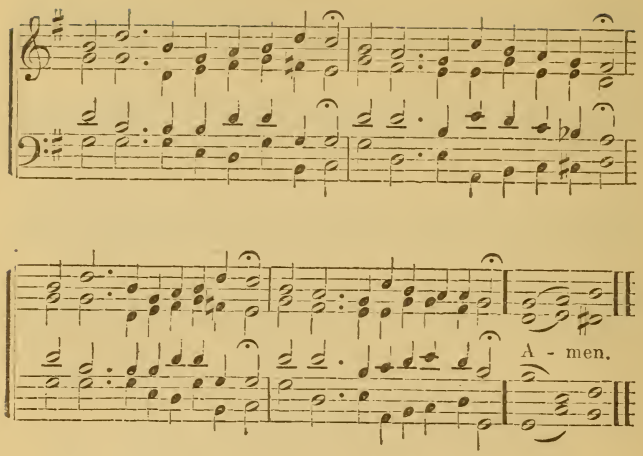
161 NEW every morning is thy love,
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. III.

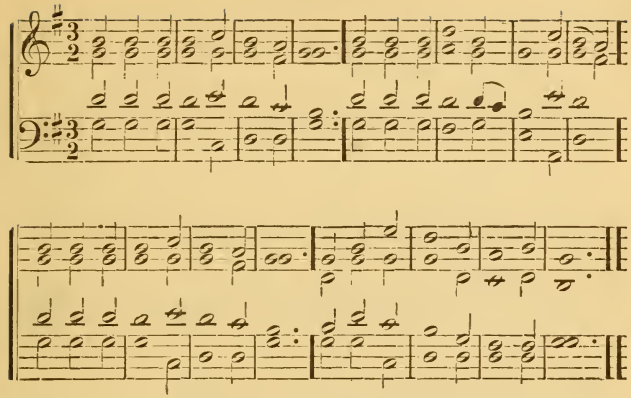


162 O BLEST Creator of the light,
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring;
And, framing nature's depth and height,
Didst with the new-born light begin;

2 Who gently blending eve with morn,
And morn with eve didst call them day;
Thick flows the flood of darkness down:
O hear us while to thee we pray.

3 Keep thou our souls from schemes of crime,
Nor guilt remorseful let them know;
Nor thinking on the things of time
Into eternal darkness go.

4 Teach us to knock at heaven's high door;
Teach us the prize of life to win;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within. L.



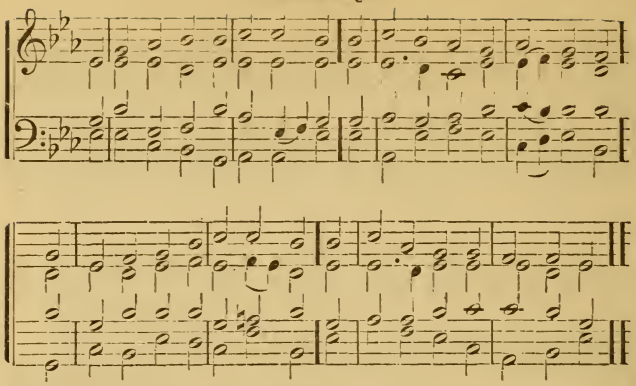
163 SUN of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
With thy divine protection blest.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I can not live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine,
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Come near, and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above. III.



164 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instill;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

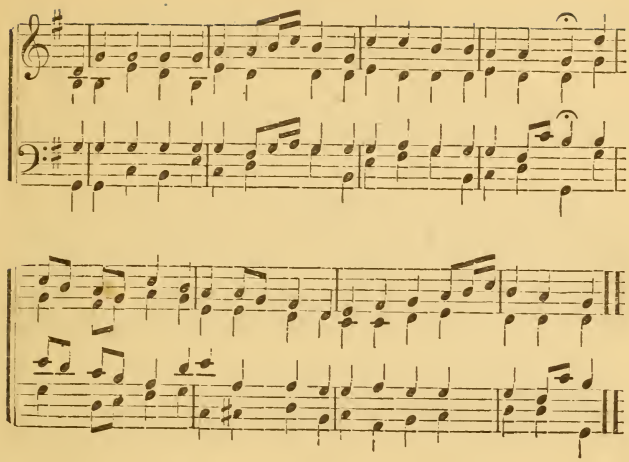
2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.

5 Labor is sweet, for thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our All. I.

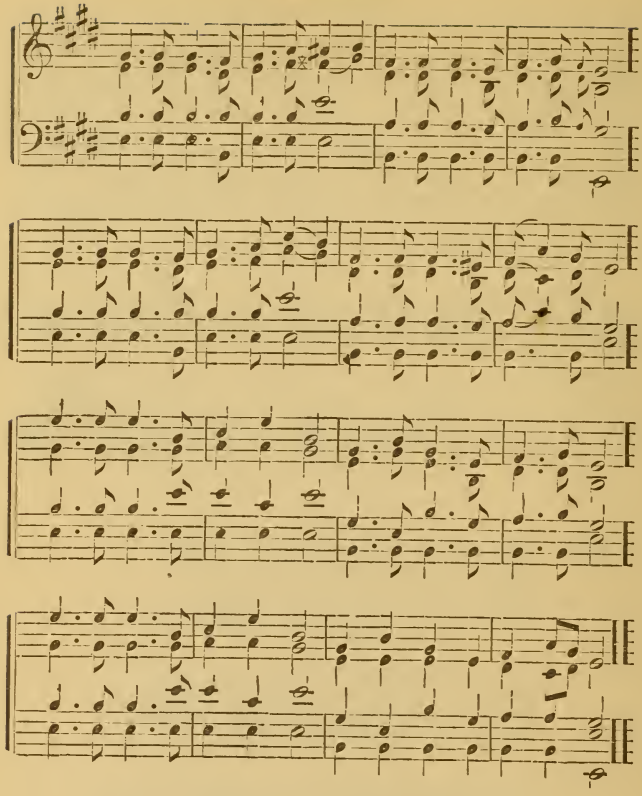


165 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make
To serve the Lord when I awake.

3 Be thou my guardian, while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from approaching ill.

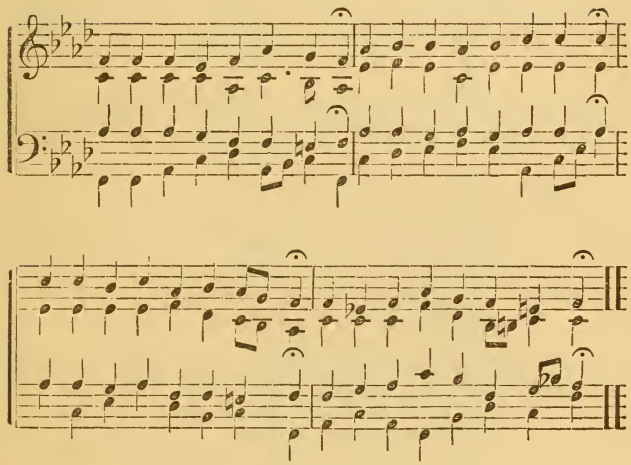
4 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'T is heaven on earth, 't is heaven above,
To see thy face, and feel thy love. III.



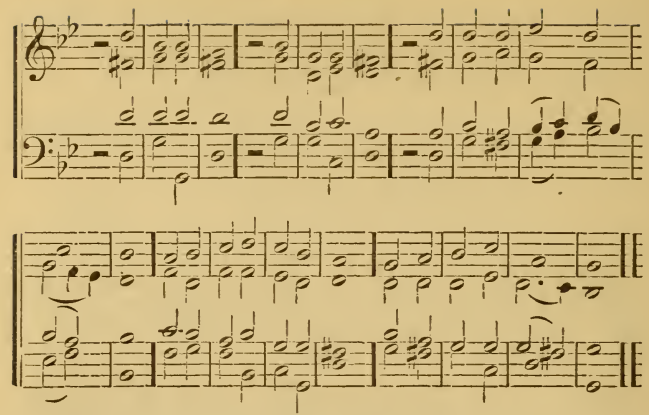
166 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Thou whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then from sin, from sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 With the blessed angel throng
In the realms of light above,
Then shall rise my grateful song,
Praising thy redeeming love. VI.

167 BEFORE the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That with thy wonted favor thou
Would'st be our guard and keeper now.

2 From all ill dreams defend our eyes,
From nightly fears and phantasies;
Tread under foot our ghostly foe,
That no temptation we may know. III.



168 THE day is gone, and, left alone,
I long for that blest morrow
Which shall set me wholly free
From all care and sorrow.

2 The night is here, oh! be thou near,
With thy bright lamp, O Jesus;
From the night of sin and death
Speedily release us.

3 The sweet sunlight fades from my sight;
Eternal, uncreated
Sun, break forth, and shine on me,
Who so long have waited.

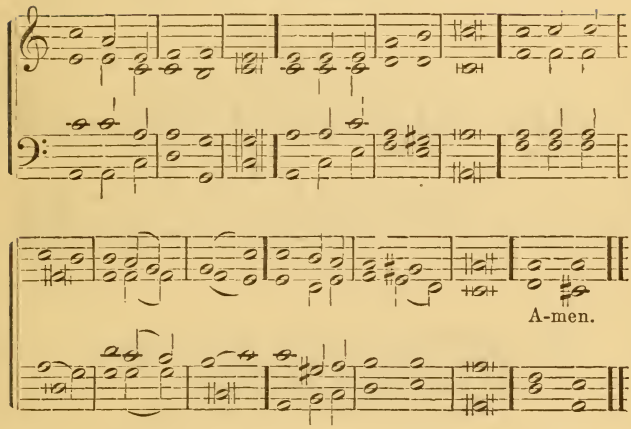
4 Whate'er doth move, below, above,
Now from its work reposes;
Show me, Lord, thy work in me,
Ere mine eyelid closes.

5 When shall the day abide alway
By night no more succeeded?
When the day of days arise,
Where no sun is needed?

6 To Salem, then, no more again
Her sunlight shall be missing;
For the Lamb shall be her light,
Her eternal blessing.

7 Oh! were I there, where all the air
With lovely sounds is ringing;
Where sweet choirs are evermore
Holy, holy, singing!

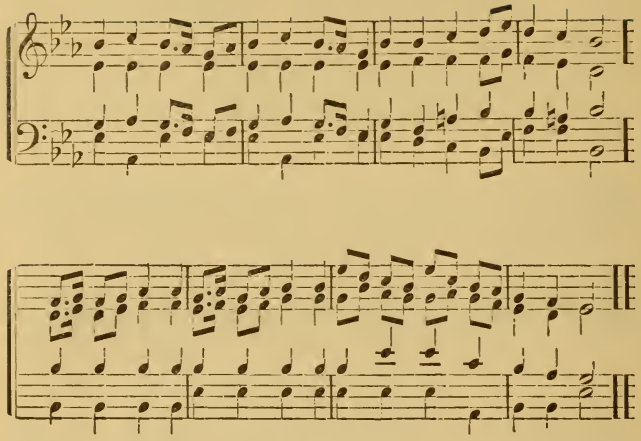
8 Jesu, my rest! thou ever blest!
Oh! help my poor endeavor!
Let me, in thy glorious light,
Shine before thee ever!



169 THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us and rest;
Our heart's desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

2 We have not reached that land
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er:
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore!



170 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us,
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness can not hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be. IX.

171 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.

2 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

3 Breathe, O Lord, thy holy spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.

4 Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning,
Bring us to eternal day. IX.

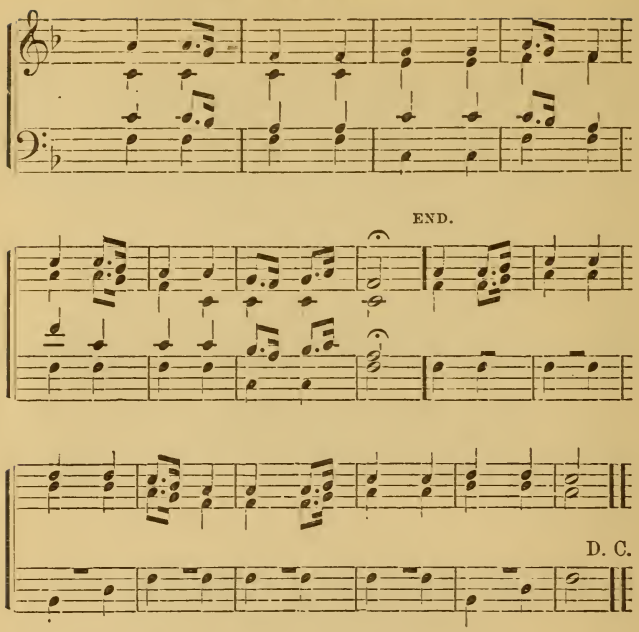
At the Baptism of Infants.

172 SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share.

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There we know, thy Word believing,
Only there secure from harm!

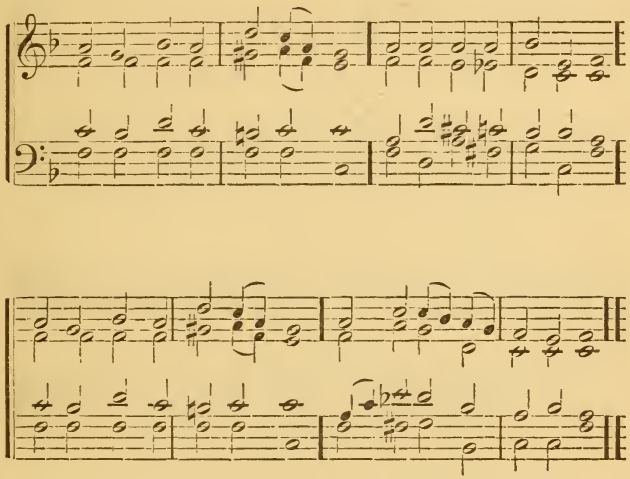
3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace! IX.



173 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

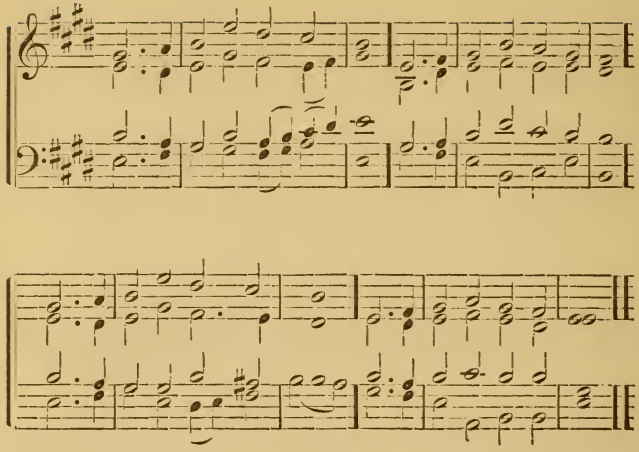
2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence,
May thy presence,
With us evermore be found.



174 SUPPLIANT, lo! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;
We are weak, almighty thou!

2 With the peace thy Word imparts
Be the taught and teacher blessed;
In our lives and in our hearts,
Father, be thy laws impressed.

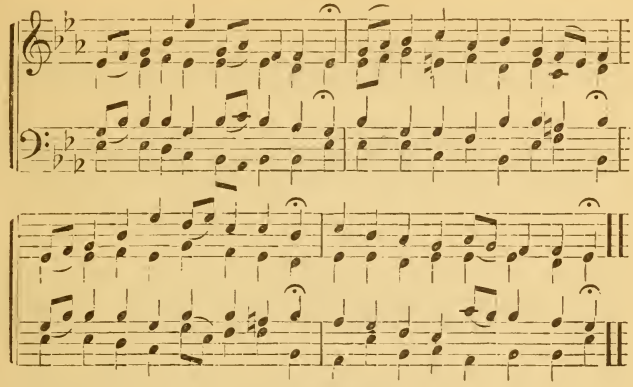
3 Pour into each longing mind
Light and knowledge from above,
Charity for all mankind,
Trusting faith, enduring love. VI.



175 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, Eternal Goodness, hail!

2 Lord, we know that thou art near;
Grace impart and holy fear!
Purer praise we'll joyful bring
When around thy throne we sing.

3 There our bosoms filled with love
Shall the joys of angels prove;
While through heaven's unmeasured bound,
Praise to thee shall ever sound.

4 Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, Eternal Goodness, hail!
Be thy glorious name adored,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

The Third Hour.

176 SHINE forth, O Sun of boundless love,
The night within our souls remove;
Be thou our Light, be thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
That we may know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear within each heart,
That we may ne'er from God depart. III.

The Sixth Hour.

O GOD of truth, O Lord of might,
Who orderest time and change aright,
And send'st the early morning ray,
And light'st the glow of perfect day,

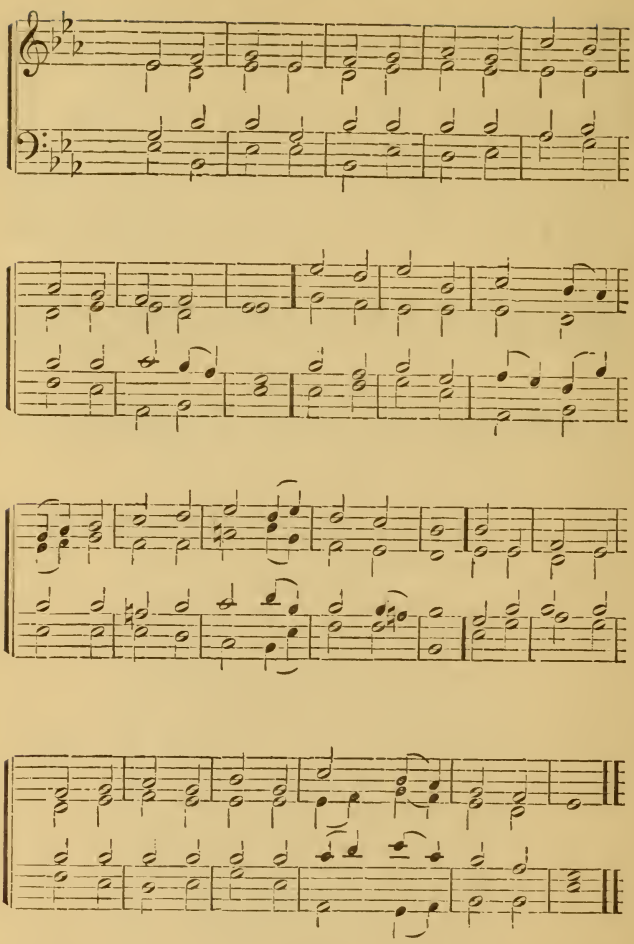
3 Extinguish thou each sinful fire,
And banish every ill desire;
And while thou keep'st the body whole,
Shed forth thy peace upon the soul. III.

The Ninth Hour.

O THOU true life of all that live,
Who dost unmoved all motion sway;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day,

4 Thy light upon our evening pour,
So may our souls no sunset see;
And death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be. I.

Baptism.



177 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Guide me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee. VII.

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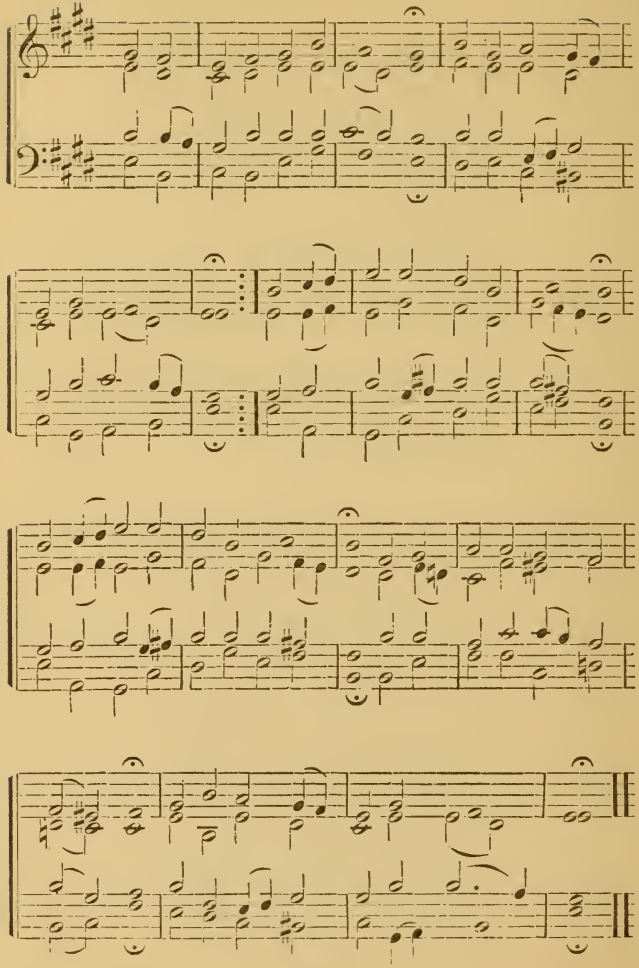
178 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing every blessing
If our God our father be.

2 Saviour, shed thy mercy o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread the earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every feeling blending,
Pleasures that can never cloy.
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. VII.

Holy Communion.

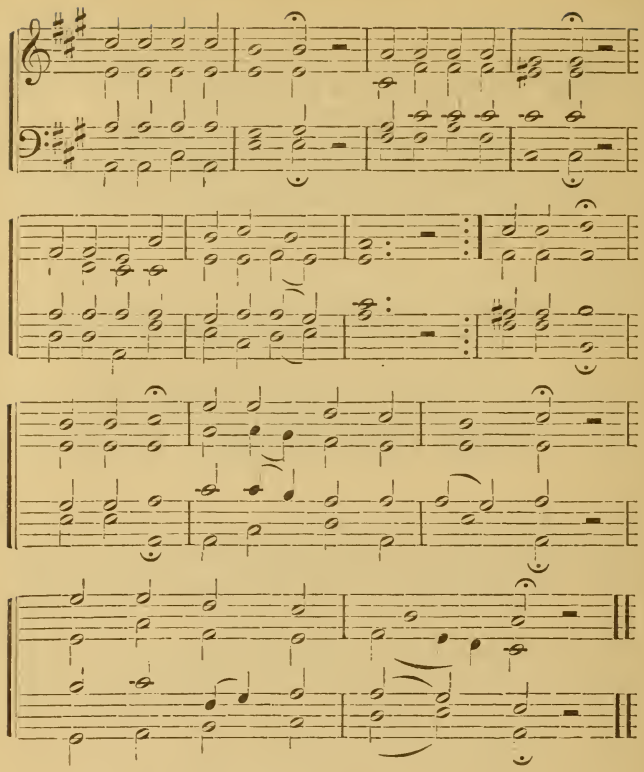


179 COME, my soul, in joy array thee,
Leave the realms of sin and sorrow;
Come where shines the Light to cheer thee,
Of its heavenly radiance borrow;
For the God of thy salvation
Calls thee to his sweet communion;
He, the Lord of all creation,
Seeks with thee to be in union.

2 O how oft my heart in sadness,
Lord, to thee has turned adoring!
Longed to taste thy feast of gladness,
Life and peace to all restoring!
Prince of Life! my soul doth languish
For the cup of thy salvation;
Heart and flesh in silent anguish
Make to God their supplication.

3 Jesu! Sun forever shining;
Jesu! holiest Joy and Pleasure;
Jesu! sole Beginning, Ending;
Fount of Life! enduring Treasure!
At thy feet behold me kneeling,
Let me taste thy feast supernal;
Mine shall be the balm and healing,
Thine, O Lord, the praise eternal.

4 Jesu! Bread of all the living,
Be thy food my soul's salvation;
Nor, in sin and unbelieving,
Changed to bitter condemnation.
Fed by meat and drink immortal,
Let me thirst nor hunger never;
Safely pass through death's dark portal,
Lord, to dwell with thee forever.



180 GOD is in his temple,
Let us fall before him
And with reverence adore him.
Lo! our God is present,
Hushed all earthly feeling,
Every heart to him be kneeling.
To his own, he is known:
Gaze with eye adoring,
Self to God restoring.

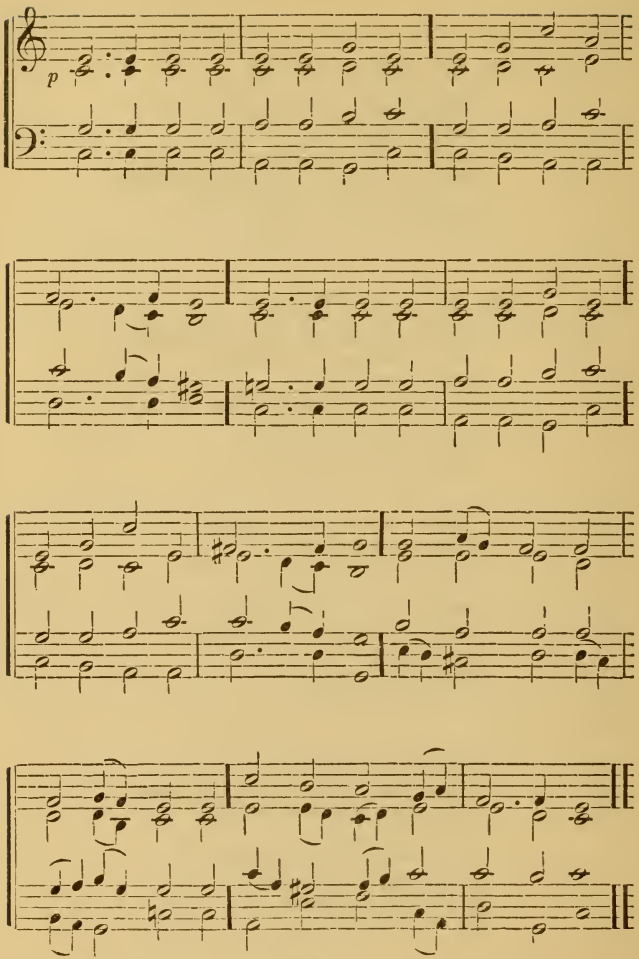
2 Lo! our God is present,
To whom, morn and even,
Sing the cherubim in heaven.
Holy, holy, holy!
Angel-choirs are singing
Where the censers bright are swinging.
Lord, give ear: deign to hear
Humbler voices praising,
Songs on earth upraising.

3 Spirit ever present,
In whom all are living,
To all things their substance giving!
Sea unfathomed, boundless,
Mystery amazing!
Lo! I fall, in wonder gazing.
I in thee, thou in me:
Let me thus but find thee,
Leaving earth behind me.

4 Make me simple-hearted,
Patient, and enduring,
Safe at rest 'mid earth's alluring.
Lord, renew my spirit,
That in truth's uprightness
I may see thy glory's brightness.
So let me, up to thee
As the eagle soaring,
Live but in adoring.

5 Lord, come, rest within me,
All my sins dispelling;
Make my soul thy hallowed dwelling.
There thy glorious presence
O do not deny me,
That I, too, may glorify thee.
Go or rest, I am blest;
Seeing and believing,
Thy good gifts receiving.

Holy Communion.



181 NOW, my tongue, the mystery telling,
Of the glorious body sing,
And the blood, all price excelling,
Which the Gentiles' Lord and King,
In a virgin's womb once dwelling,
Shed for this world's ransoming.

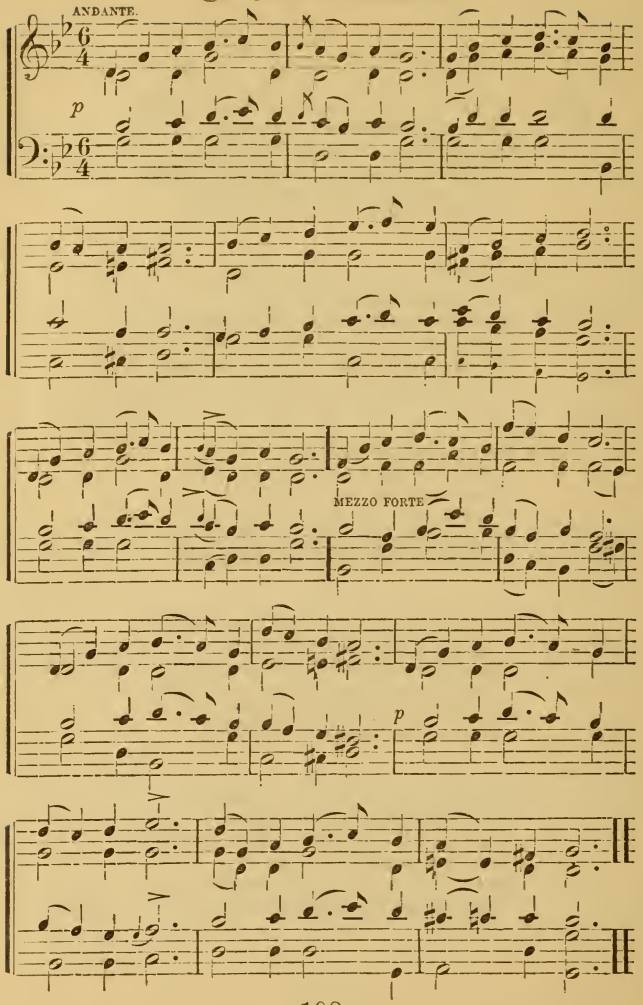
2 Given for us, and condescending
To be born for us below,
He, with men in converse blending,
Dwelt the seed of truth to sow,
Till he closed, with wondrous ending,
His most patient life of woe.

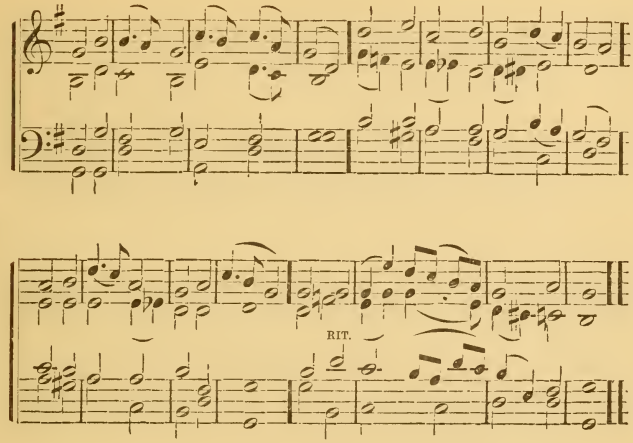
3 That last night at supper, lying
'Mid the Twelve, his chosen band,
Jesus, with the law complying,
Keeps the feast its rites demand;
Then, more precious food supplying,
Gives himself with his own hand.

4 Word-made flesh true bread he maketh
By his word his flesh to be;
Wine his blood, which whoso taketh
Must from carnal thoughts be free;
Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,
Shows true hearts the mystery.

5 Therefore we, before him bending,
This great Sacrament revere;
Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer rite is here;
Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes our inward vision clear. VII.

Holy Communion.



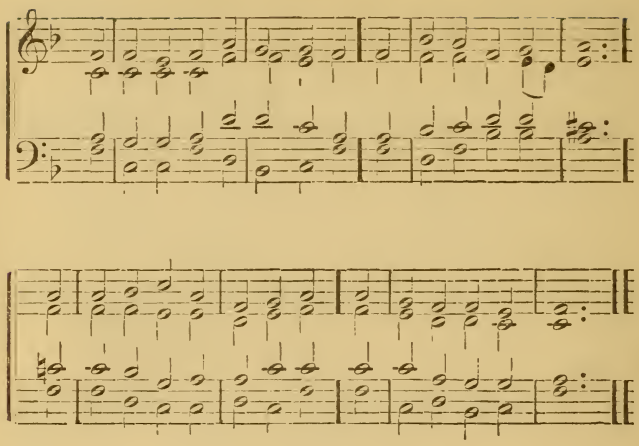


182 LO! upon the altar lies
Bread of angels from the skies,
Made the food of mortal man,
Mystery which none can scan.

2 Children's meat to dogs denied,
Long foretold in mystic name;
In the manna heaven-supplied,
Isaac and the paschal Lamb.

3 Jesus! Shepherd of the sheep!
Thou thy flock in safety keep!
Living Bread! thy life supply,
Strengthen us, or else we die!

4 Only Source of light and love,
Fill us with celestial grace;
And at thy blest feasts above
Grant us with thy saints a place. VI.

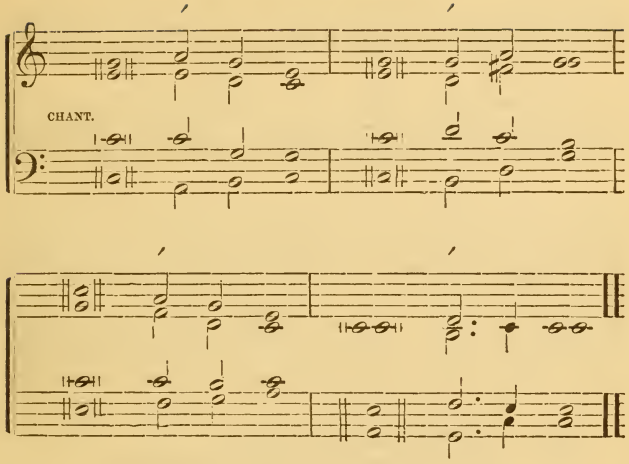


183 O GOD, unseen yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And, thus inspired with holy fear,
Before thine altar kneel.

2 Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the body of the Lord,
Our drink, his precious blood.

4 Thus may we all thy words obey,
For we, O God, are thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine. IV.

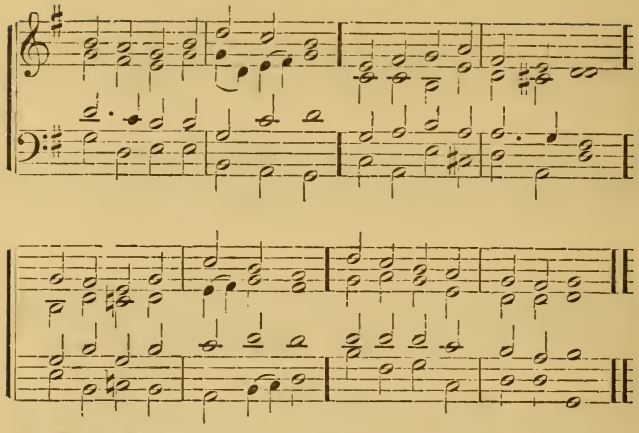


184 THEE we adore, O hidden ′Saviour, thee
Who in thy sacrament dost ′deign to be;
Both flesh and spirit at thy ′presence fail,
Yet here thy presence we de′voutly hail.

2 O blest Memorial of our ′dying Lord,
Who living Bread to men doth ′here afford!
O may our souls forever ′feed on thee,
And thou, O Lord, forever ′precious be.

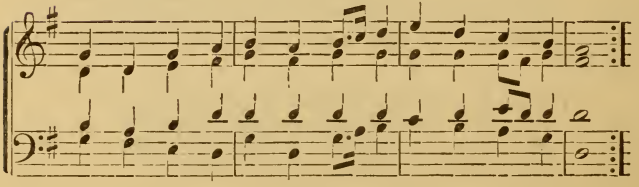
3 Fountain of Goodness, Jesu, ′Lord and God,
Cleanse us, unclean, with thy most ′precious Blood;
Increase our faith and love, that ′we may know
The hope and peace which from thy ′presence flow.

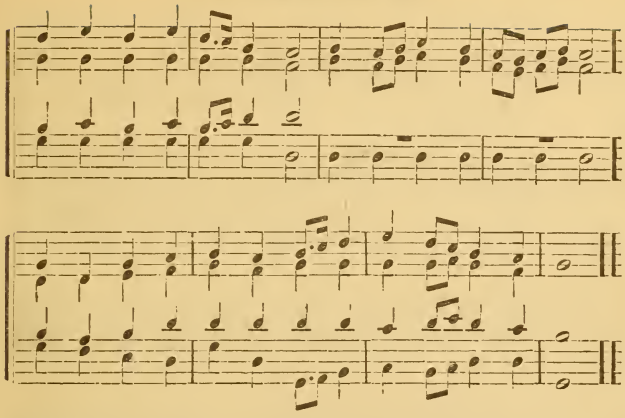
4 O Lord, whom now beneath a ′veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our ′portion be,
To gaze on thee and see, with ′unveiled face,
The vision of thy glory ′and thy grace.



185 AT thy table, Lord of life,
May our souls find peace and rest,
On our Saviour may we lean,
Safe repose upon thy breast.

2 Thou dost call us to this feast,
Thou hast said, "Remember me:"
May we come with trustful hearts,
Hearts devoted, Lord, to thee.

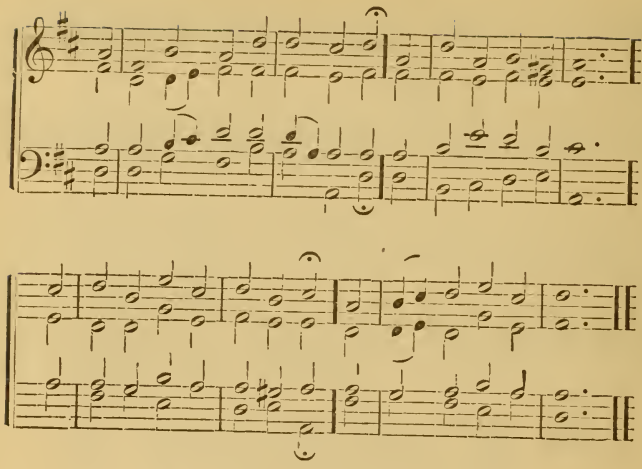
3 May thy grace our souls awake;
Make them glow with holy love;
While we take the bread and cup,
Set our hearts on things above. VI.

New Year's Day.



186 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Sped through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Ne'er more to meet us here.
Finished now probation's day,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer stay,
How little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
With speed the mark to find,
As the lightning spans the skies,
And leaves no trace behind:
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise!
All here is but a dream.

3 Thanks for blessings past receive!
Thy mercies now renew!
Teach us henceforth how to live
With heaven and thee in view!
More and more thy Word unfold!
Fill us with redeeming love,
And, when life's short tale is told,
Take us to thee above!



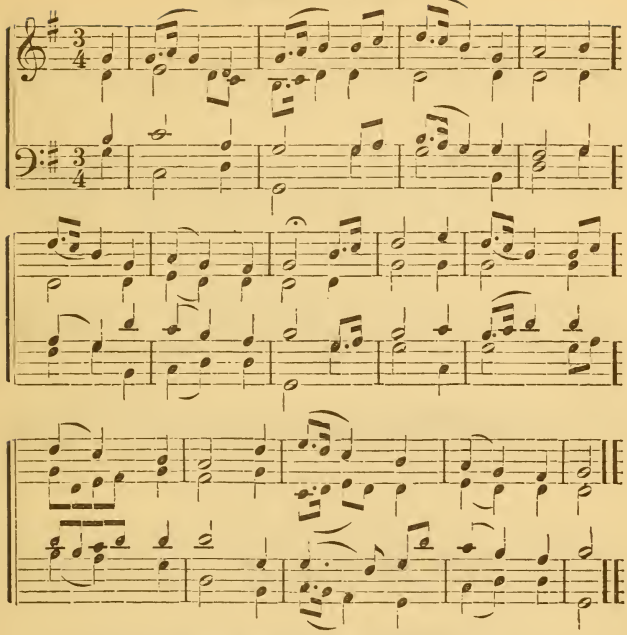
187 LONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In brighter worlds above.

2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown;
O let his praise be great:
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy love shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men who hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall tell thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 The world is governed by thy hand,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
Eternal does thy kingdom stand,
Though rocks and hills remove.



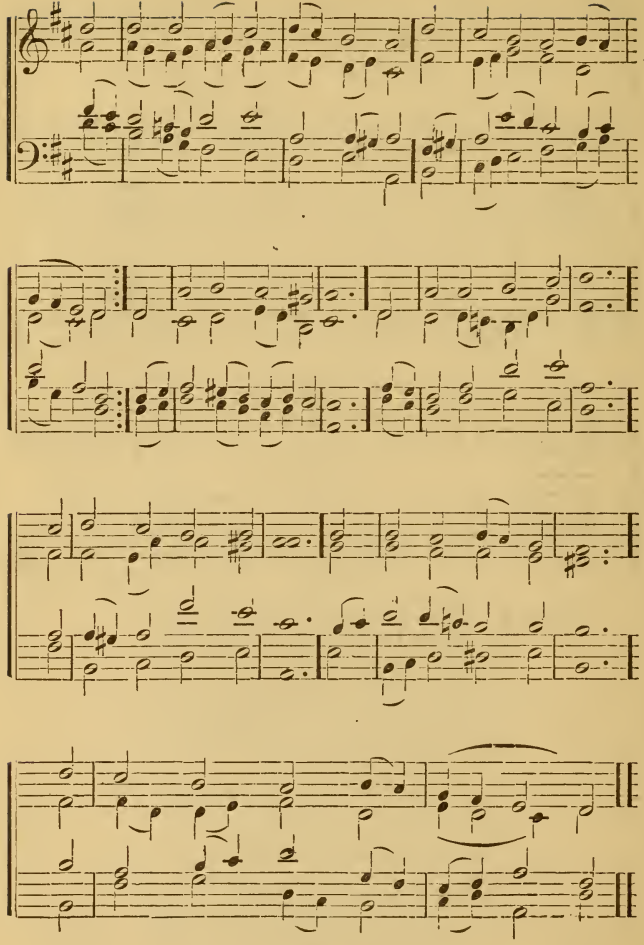
188 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we 'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practice his commands. IV.

Thanksgiving.

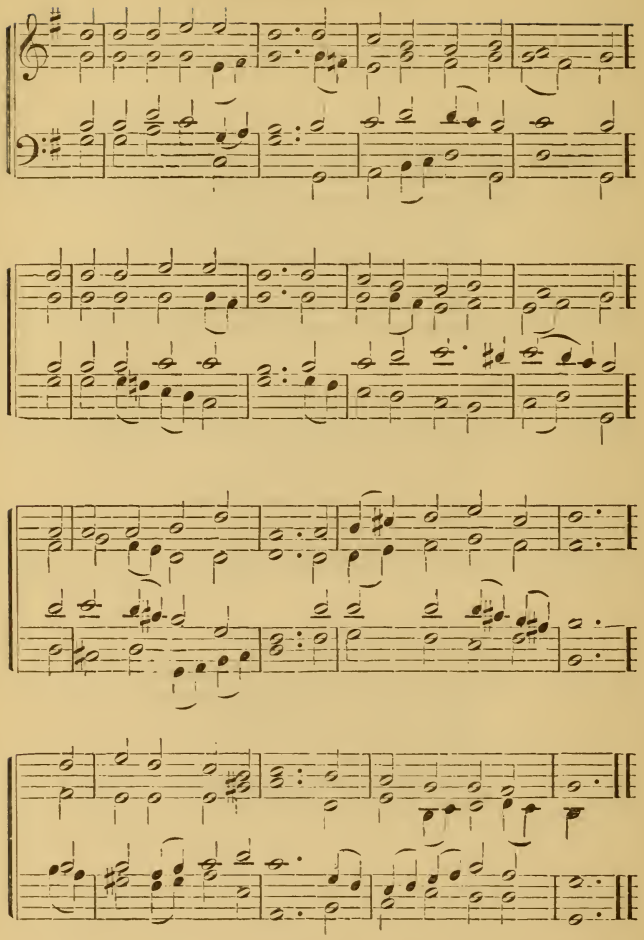


189 REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of his name;
For he is God alone
Who hath his mercy shown;
Let all his saints adore him!

2 When, in distress, to him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining:
O trust in him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining;
Triumphant songs of praise
To him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
"O praise our God alway;"
Let all his saints adore him!

3 Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of his name;
For he is God alone
Who hath his mercy shown;
Let all his saints adore him.

Thanksgiving.



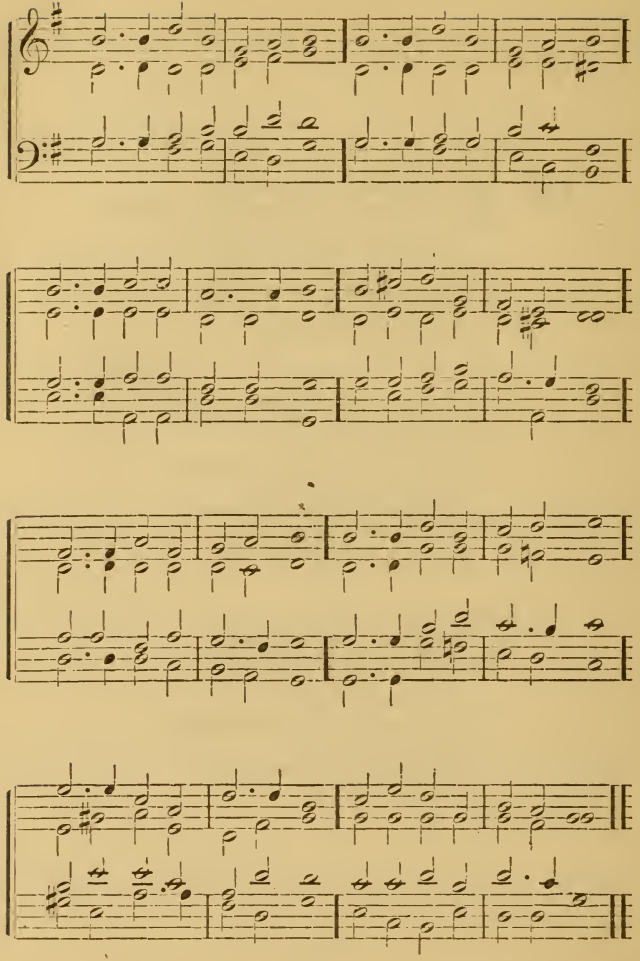
Thanksgiving.

190 NOW thank we all our God
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Saviour, King, and Lord
Of all in earth and heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Harvest-Home.



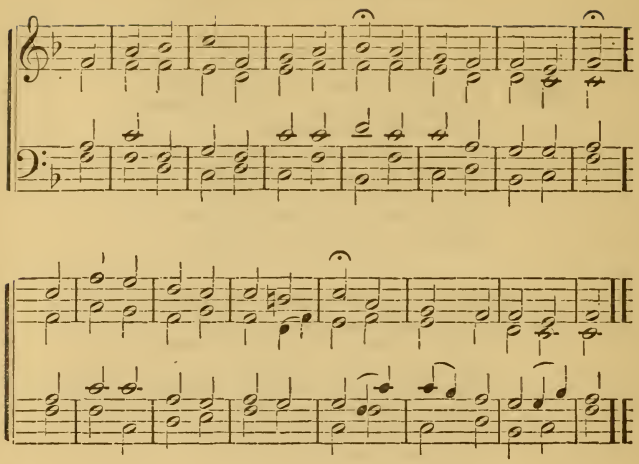
Harvest-Home.

191 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gathered in
Ere the winter-storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

2 What is earth but God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield?
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
Ripening with a wondrous power,
Till the final Harvest-Hour:
Grant, O Lord of Life, that we
Holy grain and pure may be.

3 For we know that thou wilt come,
And wilt take thy people home;
From thy field wilt purge away
All that doth offend, that day;
And thine angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In thy garner evermore.

4 Come then, Lord of mercy, come,
Bid us sing thy Harvest-Home!
Let thy saints be gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
All, upon the golden floor,
Praising thee for evermore:
Come, with thousand angels, come,
Bid us sing thy Harvest-Home!

In Times of Trouble.

192 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home! IV

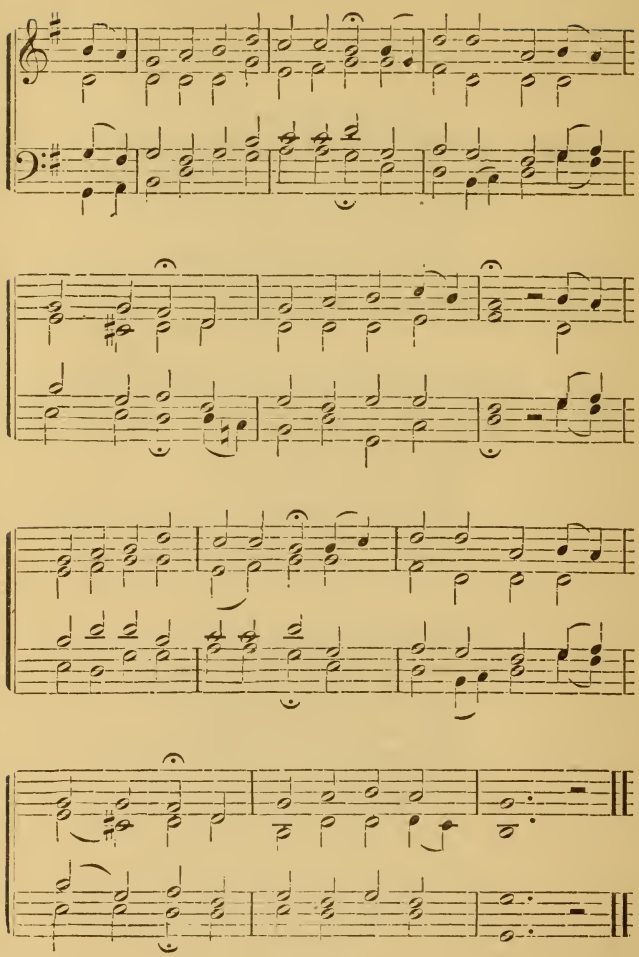
(*For Tune, see Hymn* 189.)

193 A STRONGHOLD firm, a trusty shield,
When raging foes appall us,
Our God defense and help doth yield
When heavy ills befall us.
With ancient bitter hate,
Such might and cunning great
As guides no earthly arm,
Plotting us deadly harm,
Our foe attempts to enthrall us.

2 What though, in every path of life,
A host of fiends endeavor
To wound us in the deadly strife?
Their arts shall triumph never.
The author of all ill
May threaten as he will;
His throne and empire proud,
But for a time allowed,
A word shall end forever.

3 God's testimony standeth sure;
Whatever man betideth,
He makes the weakest saint endure
Who in his grace confideth.
Though the best gifts of life
Our foes seize in the strife,
We cheerful let them go;
No profit have they so,
For heaven ours abideth.

In Times of Trouble.



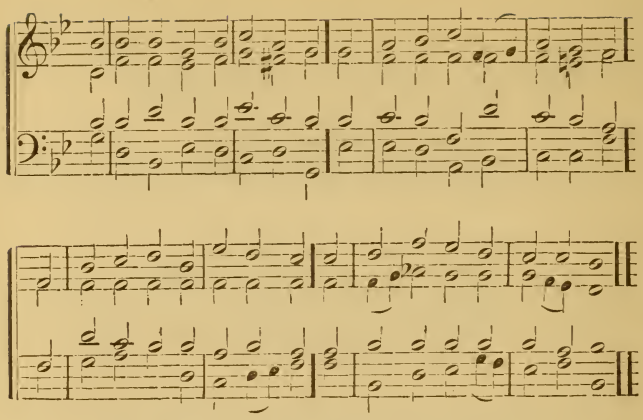
194 O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on thee;
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms!
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On thine almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God;
Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished ravens' cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

4 We can not trust him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste—before him lying still,
E'en in affliction—peace.



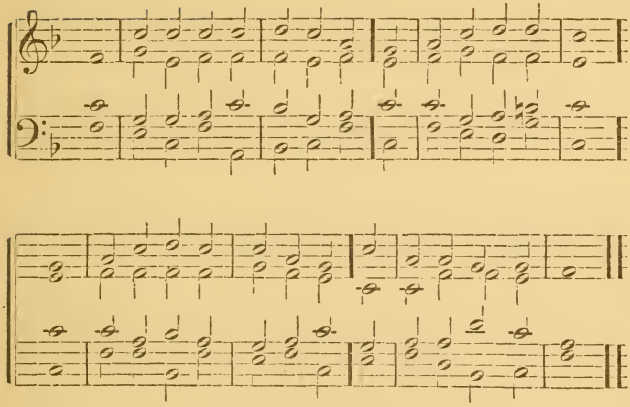
195 WHEN, in the hour of utmost need,
We know not where to look for aid;
When days and nights of anxious thought
Nor help nor counsel yet have brought;

2 Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to thee,
For rescue from our misery.

3 We lift to heaven our heart and eye
With true contrition's sorest sigh;
To all our sins be pity sent,
And soften all their chastisement;

4 That so, with all our hearts, may we
Once more with joy give thanks to thee,
And walk obedient to thy Word,
And now and ever praise the Lord. H.

National Hymn.



196 GREAT God! thou dost all nations rule,
And their affairs control;
Thy power extends o'er all the earth,
Thy love from pole to pole.

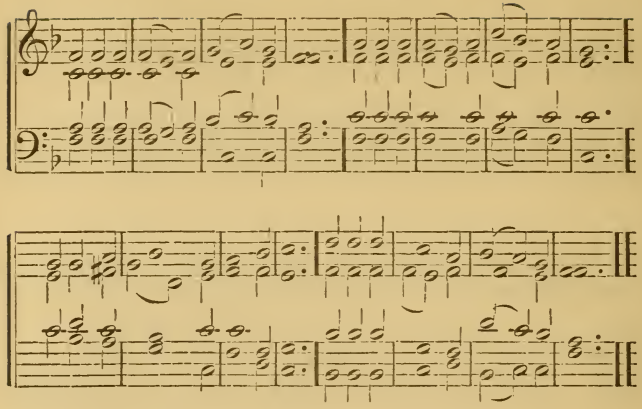
2 Our native land in mercy view!
From heaven, O Lord, look down!
Thy kingdom in each heart erect!
Maintain thy rightful crown!

3 On people and on ruler let
Thy blessing, Lord, be shed;
To God and country true, may we
In wisdom's paths be led.

4 As thee their God our fathers owned,
So thou art still our King:
Thou only canst our peace maintain,
Or our deliverance bring.

5 To thee the glory we ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy Name.

Foundation-Stone.



197 O LORD of Hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands;

2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with thy grace,
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them thine.

4 To thee they all pertain; to thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to thy throne,
We but present thee with thine own.

5 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of thine own elect;
Be thou in them, and they in thee,
O ever-blessed Trinity!

III.

Ordination.

198 LORD, pour thy spirit from on high,
And thine ordained servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
Let all thy church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love.

4 To love, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, form the saint,
To feed thy lambs, and tend thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine. III.

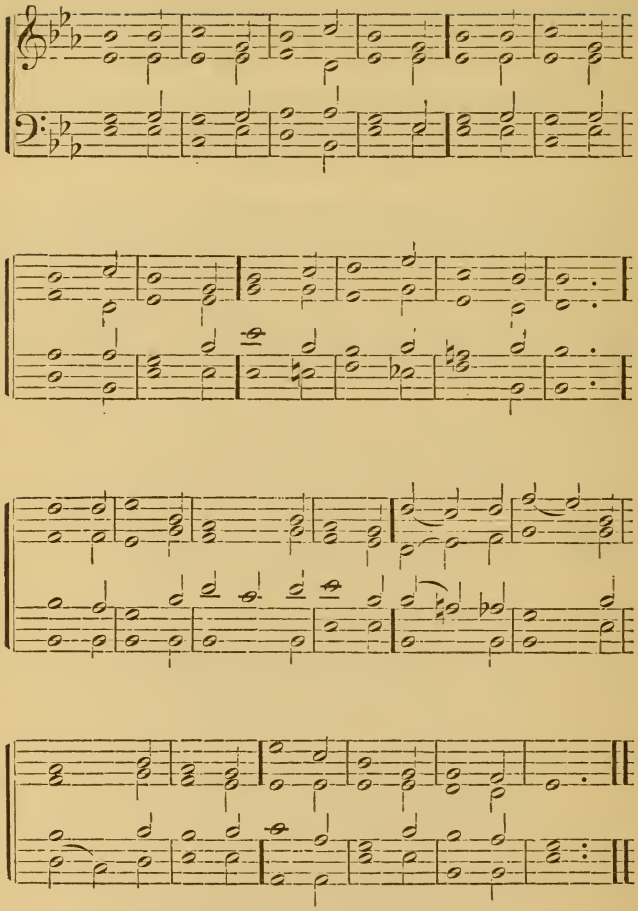
---

199 O GUARDIAN of the Church Divine,
The sevenfold gifts of grace are thine,
And kindled by thy hidden fires,
The soul to highest aims aspires.

2 Thy priests with wisdom, LORD, endue,
Their hearts with love and zeal renew;
Turn all their weakness into might,
O thou the source of life and light.

3 Spirit of truth, on us bestow
The faith in all its power to know;
That with the saints of ages gone,
And those to come, we may be one.

4 Protect thy church from every foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
Convert the world, make all confess
The glories of thy righteousness. III.

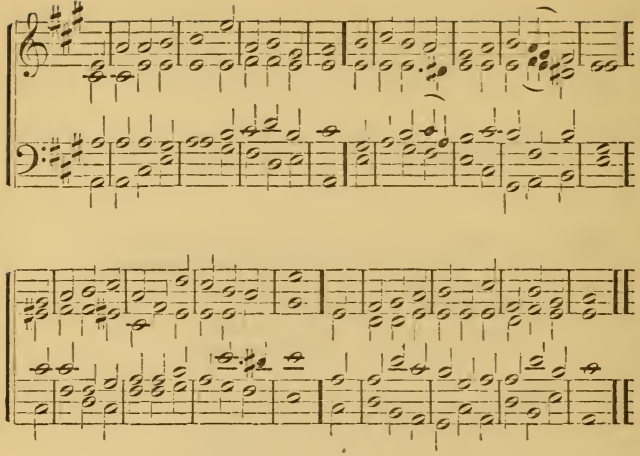


Evangelists.

200 COME, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy Gospels shrined;
Blessed tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation,
Love from God to lost mankind.

See the rivers, four, that gladden
With their streams the better Eden,
Planted by our Lord, most dear;
Christ the Fountain, these the waters—
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,
Drink, and find salvation here.

O, that we thy truth confessing,
And thy holy word possessing,
Jesu, may thy love adore;
Unto Thee our voices raising,
Thee with all thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore.

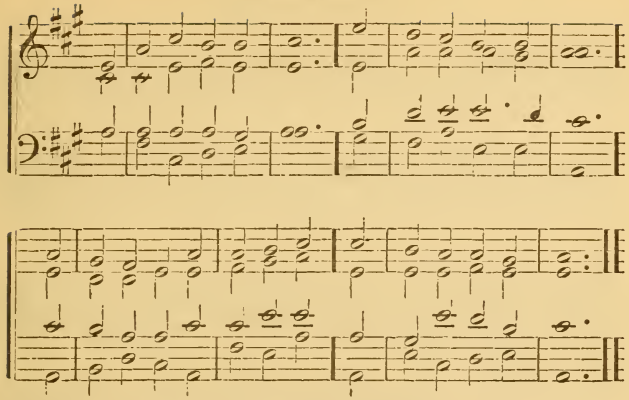


201 DISPOSER Supreme, and Judge of the earth,
Who choosest for thine the weak and the poor;
To frail earthen vessels and things of no worth
Entrusting thy riches which aye shall endure;

2 Their sound goeth forth, "Christ Jesus the Lord:"
Then Satan doth fear, his citadels fall:
As when the dread trumpets went forth at thy word,
And one long blast shattered the Canaanite's wall.

3 O loud be their trump, and stirring their sound,
To rouse us, O Lord, from slumber of sin;
The lights thou hast kindled in darkness around,
Oh, may they illumine our spirits within.

4 All honor, and praise, dominion, and might,
To Jesus alone eternally be,
Who round us hath shed his own marvellous light,
And called us from darkness his glory to see.



202 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,—
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,—
So sweet the tidings are;
Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

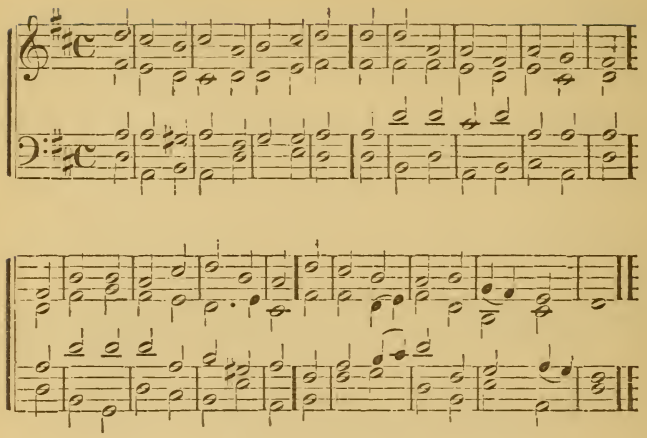
3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and priests desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God. V.

St. John the Baptist.



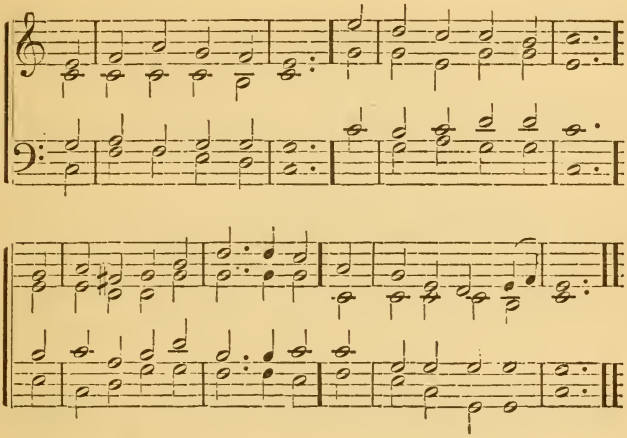
203 WHEN Christ the Lord would come on earth,
His messenger before him went;
The greatest born of mortal birth,
On high prophetic mission sent.

2 Yet all that here in worship bend
Have honor greater far than he;
He was the bridegroom's joyful friend,
His body and his spouse are we.

3 A higher race, the sons of light,
Of water and the Spirit born;
He the last star of parting night,
And we the children of the morn.

4 Boldly he spake the heaven-taught word,
Yet joyed he in the bridegroom's voice;
So may thy pastors teach, O Lord,
So thy church hearken and rejoice. L.

Annunciation.



204 PRAISE we the Lord this day,
This day so long foretold,
Whose promise shone with cheering ray
On waiting saints of old.

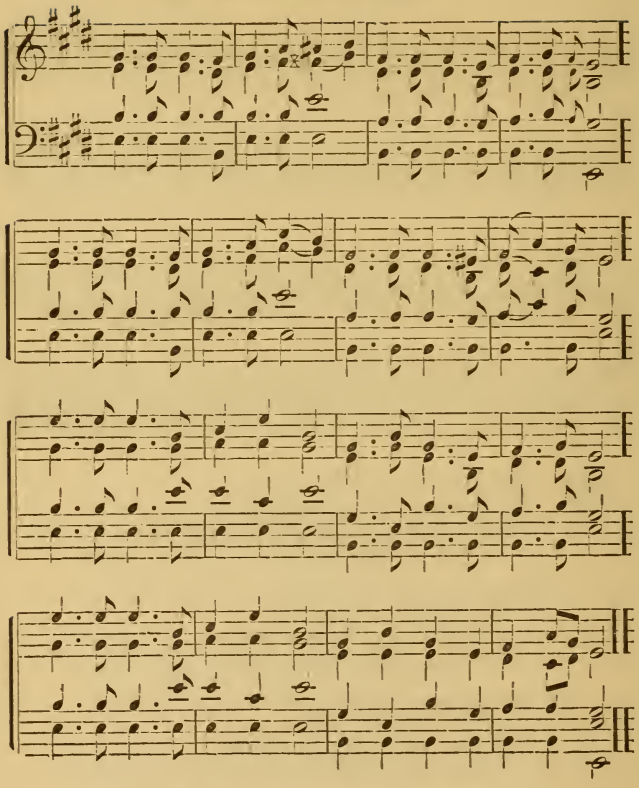
2 The Prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A Virgin, born of David's line,
Shall bear the promised Seed.

3 Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore;
Like her, whom heaven's majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

4 Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favored of the Lord.

5 Blessed shall be her name
In all the Church on earth
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
The Incarnate Saviour's birth. V.

The Blessed in Heaven.



205 WHO are these in bright array
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day
Hymning one triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain,
New dominion every hour.

2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand—
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

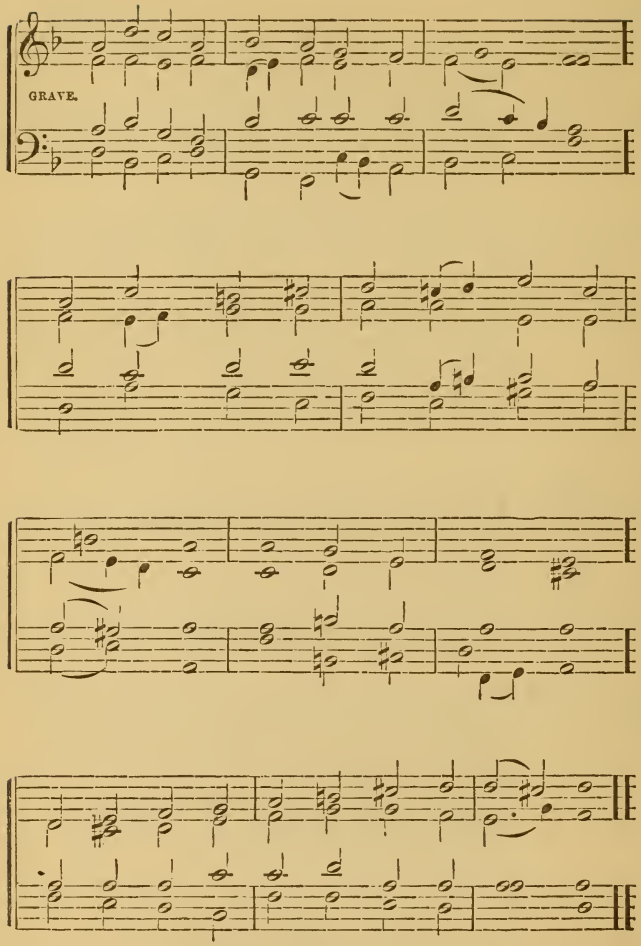
3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears. VI.

---

206 HIGH in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptured saints above—
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

2 Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest. VI.

The Blessed in Heaven.



The Blessed in Heaven.

207 OH! how blessed are ye, saints forgiven,
Through the gate of death now safe in heaven.
All trials over,
All the ills, which round us darkly hover!

Response.

2 "Ah, beloved friends! be not complaining;
Wish not joy while still on earth remaining;
Be still confiding
In your Father's love and tender guiding."

3 In your quiet home so gently resting,
Safe for evermore from all molesting,
No care or sorrow
Can you feel to-day, or fear to-morrow!

Response.

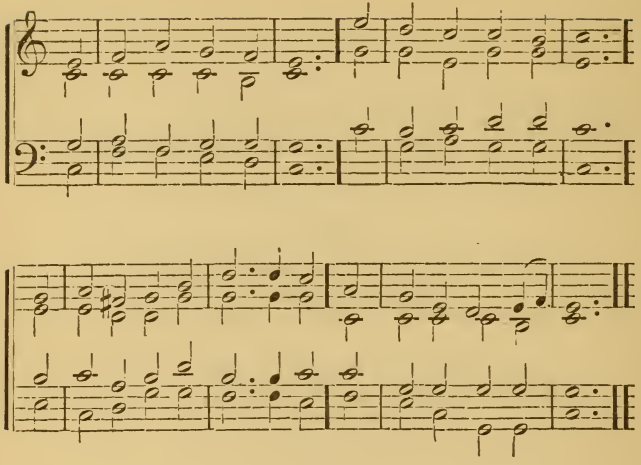
4 "Yet in patience run the race before you,
Long for heaven, where love is watching o'er you;
Sowing 'mid weeping,
Soon the fruit with joy you shall be reaping."

Together.

5 Let us join to praise his name forever,
To us both of every good the Giver,
Life never-dying
We shall each obtain, on him relying.

6 Praise him, men on earth, and saints in heaven
To our Lord be praise and glory given,
Praises unending,
Glory through eternity extending!

The Blessed in Heaven.



208 FOR all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And strove in thee to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee. V.

Doxologies,

Referred to in the Roman numerals at the end of the hymns.

I. L. M.

Glory eternal be to thee
O God, the Father, Spirit, Son
Blest Fullness of the Trinity
Revealed in Jesus Christ alone!

II. L. M.

Glory and praises ever be,
O Jesus Christ, our Lord, to thee,
Whom all the heavenly hosts adore,
God over all for evermore!

III. L. M.

Grant that we ask, Almighty Lord,
Jesus, the Christ, alone adored,
Blest Fullness of the Trinity,
Reigning on high eternally.

IV. C. M

All glory be to thee, O Lord,
The Father, Spirit, Son;
Alone be thou our God adored
While endless ages run!

V. S. M.

To thee, O Lord, alone,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

VI. 7s.

Glory, praise and blessing be,
Lord, our Saviour, unto thee;
Thee let heaven and earth adore,
God o'er all for evermore!

VII. 8s & 7s. 6 *lines.*

Lord, to thee, in whom is dwelling
All the Godhead bodily,
Hymn and chant and glad thanksgiving
And unending praises be,
Honor, glory and dominion,
And eternal victory!

VIII. 8s & 7s. 8 *lines.*

Lord, to thee, in whom is dwelling
All the Godhead bodily,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
One in perfect unity,
Hymn and chant and glad thanksgiving
And unending praises be,
Honor, glory and dominion,
And eternal victory!

IX. 8s & 7s. 4 *lines.*

Lord, to thee, in whom is dwelling
All the Holy Trinity,
Blessing, honor and thanksgiving
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